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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Romance and Reality. By L. E. L., author of "The Improvisatrice," &c. &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley. The poetical productions under the initial sobriquet of L. E. L. having obtained very high celebrity while their writer was yet in the precincts of early girlhood; and, during the few years which have since elapsed, having extended her fame and popularity to the widest range of the English language, no slight degree of expectation has been naturally excited towards this her first effort in prose composition. The admirers of her poetry—and they are so numerous and ardent, that it may truly be said she has formed a new school in our poetic literature—are curious to see if the same genius will be thrown over the page of a novel; if it will possess the same exquisite tenderness; the same warmth of feeling combined with the same purity of female delicacy; the same fine perceptions of humanity linked with the same luxury of imagination—the same descriptive power, nature, and pathos, which have so greatly distinguished the fair Improvisatrice, and rendered her volumes the treasured favourites of the youthful of both sexes, whose spirits the world hath not deadened; while even those farther advanced in life have been charmed by their freshness and fancy, awakening in them the happiest, and still more frequently the most touching, dreams of by-gone days.

This problem is now before the public for solution; and so far as our opinion goes, it must be decided in a way which will much augment the reputation of the author. We think *Romance and Reality* a perfectly original specimen of fictitious narrative; there is no performance of the class, within our knowledge, which it resembles. It is also totally different from the writer's poetry, and displays altogether various faculties and powers hitherto undeveloped by her publications. In parts like works by preceding novelists, it is in its own form and combinations that it appears to us to stand alone: we question if L. E. L. herself could imitate it successfully.

The several kinds of novels which, with all their imperfections, shed a lustre over our literature, are chiefly these:—

The *Romantic*, in which the imaginative and descriptive prevail; the supernatural and extraordinary increase the intensity of the interest; and the characters are mixed of the ruthless and depraved, and of beings superior to the common race of the earth. Horace Walpole, Mrs. Radcliffe, Lewis, and others (since the times of Sidney's *Arcady*, and Mrs. Manley's *Atlantis*), adorn this order in our country.

The novel of *Common Life* has filled a large space amongst us, and possessed as many varieties as its widely spread and diversified subject. Fielding, Smollett, Goldsmith, Miss Burney, Maria Porters, Mrs. Inchbald, Dr. Moore, and a hundred others, have wrought in this exhaustless mine;—the qualifications required

being, a knowledge of human nature, of life, and society, and the capacity to draw clever and humorous pictures of all.

High Life and Fashionable novels may next be mentioned; from Richardson, whose scenes are laid among the upper circles, but yet laid with a profound acquaintance with the springs of the human heart, to the slip-slop senseless scribblers of the year 1831, who have a profound acquaintance with nothing. Where merit exists in performances of this sort, it must also be in a similar knowledge of human nature, which is necessary to depict the middle and lower orders, and in belonging to that station which enables the author to paint true pictures of life in the sphere to which they belong. Mr. E. L. Bulwer may be quoted as the most successful of our contemporaries in this line.

The *Satirical*, consisting of a keen perception of vices and follies, and a keen wit to lash and ridicule them.

The *Historical*, in which genius animates the past, and reinvests individuals recorded in distant annals with a new existence. Here Scott is the mighty master; but there are many worthy labourers in the same prolific vineyard.

It would be tedious to particularise and dwell upon the numerous species which may be referred to one or other of the foregoing genera, or to designate productions so peculiar as each to constitute, as it were, a genus *per se*. Of the latter, De Foe, Swift, and Sterne, furnish memorable examples; and of the former the divisions are as obvious as they are numerous. We have *Sentimental* novels, such as Mackenzie's; *Fairy* tales; *Philosophical* novels and *Political* novels, from Godwin to Ward; *Religious* novels, see Hannah More, &c.; *Moral and Instructive* novels, see Miss Edgeworth and others, whose lessons are so acutely drawn from and applied to real life; and we have also novels illustrative of *National* and *Foreign* manners:—some directly addressed to the passions by means of a concentrated narration of sufferings; and sundry other varieties, which will readily suggest themselves to the minds of our readers.

In *Romance and Reality* we have glimpses of most of the ingredients we have enumerated; and they are mingled together without a single artifice of practised novel-writing; without affording strong proof of the "organ of constructiveness." The story, it is true, proceeds in a very simple manner, and we hardly like it the less for its want of management; though perhaps the presence of that quality might have rendered it here and there more striking. But, without being strictly a historical, fashionable, sentimental, romantic, or common-life novel, this work possesses a portion of the highest merits of them all, and is especially separated from either by its own excellencies. Every character is true to nature: the reader has met the parties daily for the last ten years. There is a fineness and justness of observation, very unexpected to us from the former works of the

writer, which is quite alive to social peculiarities, and strikes them with a point so ingeniously, as to place common things and occurrences in new, curious, and pleasant lights. Then, beyond this, we find a store of deeper and more reflective mind, which overflows in a multitude of pithy maxims, which Rochefoucauld himself might be proud to own. Even in familiar life, the Poetess has chosen to evince her talent; and the Higgs' family are illustrious specimens of cockney vulgarity. When we add, that we are moved with equal fidelity of delineation, not only from town to country, but to Spain and Italy, some idea may be formed of the great ability with which *Romance and Reality* abounds. It has only to confess to a few unimportant errors (the results of negligence, perhaps, or of the want of habit in long prose compositions), and to the still graver charge of introducing into a London evening party, and at the Athenæum Club *soirée*, &c. several individuals who may easily be recognised in actual life. This is not done ill-naturedly, but the thing itself is below the standard of the writer's genius; and we never can consent to forego the reprehension of these personal exhibitions. They strike at the root of social intercourse; for there are multitudes of people who utterly dislike to have their portraits, however flatteringly limned, made public.

It is now our pleasing task to convey some notion of this book to our readers, without unfolding the mysteries and *dénouement* of the story,—an offence not to be forgiven. We shall therefore select only detached parts; and commence with a very touching death-scene—that of the loved uncle of Emily.

"Mr. Arundel had lain down some time. Mrs. Arundel remained in the parlour with the medical and legal ladies—she for news, they for luncheon—while Emily stole softly to her uncle's room. Though the light fell full on his face, he was asleep—a calm, beautiful, renovating sleep—and Emily sat down by the bedside. The love which bends over the sleeping is, save in its sorrow, like the love which bends over the dead—so deep, so solemn! Suddenly he opened his eyes, but without any thing of the starting return to consciousness with which people generally awake—perhaps her appearance harmonised with his dream. Without speaking, but with a look of extreme fondness, he took her hand, and, still holding it, slept again. Emily felt the clasp tighten and tighten, till the rigidity was almost painful: she had drawn the curtains, lest the sun, now come round to that side of the house, should shine too powerfully; a strange awe stole over her in the gloom; she could scarcely, in its present position, discern her uncle's face, and she feared to move. The grasp grew tighter, but the hand that held hers colder; his breathing had all along been low, but now it was insaudible. Gently she bent her face over his; unintentionally—for she dreaded to awaken him—her lips touched his; there was no breath to be either heard or felt, and the

mouth was like ice. With a sudden, a desperate effort, she freed her hand, from which her uncle's instantly dropped on the bedside, with a noise, slight indeed, but, to her ears, like thunder; she flung open the curtains—again the light came full into the room—and looked on a face which both those who have not, and those who have before seen, alike know to be the face of death.

"Deep as may be the regret, though the lost be the dearest, nay, the only tie that binds to earth, never did the most passionate grief give way to its emotion in the presence of the dead. Awe is stronger than sorrow: there is a calm, which, though we do not share, we dare not disturb: the chill of the grave is around them and us.—I have heard of the beauty of the dead: it existed in none that I have seen. The unnatural blue tinge which predominates in the skin and lips; the eyes closed, but so evidently not in sleep—in rigidity, not repose; the set features, stern almost to reproof; the contraction, the drawn shrunk look about the nose and mouth; the ghastly thin hands,—Life, the animator, the beautifier—the marvel is not, how thou couldst depart, but how ever thou couldst animate this strange and fearful tenement. Is there one who has not at some time or other bent down—with that terrible mingling of affection and loathing impulse, each equally natural, each equally beyond our control—bent down to kiss the face of the dead? and who can ever forget the indefinable horror of that touch?—the coldness of snow, the hardness of marble felt in the depth of winter, are nothing to the chill which runs through the veins from the cold hard cheek, which yields no more to our touch: icy and immovable, it seems to repulse the caress in which it no longer has part. Emily strove to pray; but her thoughts wandered in spite of every effort. Prayers for the dead we know are in vain; and prayers for ourselves seem so selfish. The first period is one of such mental confusion—fear, awe, grief, blending and confounding each other; we are, as it were, stunned by a great blow. Prayers and tears come afterwards."

We now extract a few specimens of the innumerable traits of character, &c.

"Her father had been the youngest brother, and, like many other younger brothers, both unnecessary and imprudent; a captain in a dragoon regiment, who spent his allowance on his person, and his pay on his horse."

"Mrs. Arundel was as thoroughly satisfied as either, perhaps more so, for she was satisfied with herself—a supper, sleeping, and breakfast, got through without a blunder; so to her housekeeper she went 'in her glory.'"

"Affection is more matter of habit than sentiment, more so than we like to admit; and she was leaving both habits and affections behind. There were the servants gathered in the hall, with proper farewell faces; her aunt, hitherto busy in seeing the carriage duly crammed with sandwiches and sweetmeats, having nothing more to do, began to weep. A white handkerchief is a signal of distress always answered; and when Mr. Arundel took his place beside his niece, he had nothing but the vague and usual consolation of, 'Love, pray don't cry so,' to offer for the first stage."

"There is something very amusing in the misfortunes of others. However,—to borrow an established phrase from those worthy little volumes, entitled the Clergyman's, Officer's, and Merchant's Widows, when the disconsolate relict is recalled from weeping over the dear departed, by the paramount necessity of getting one of her fourteen children into the

Blue-coat School,—'the exertion did her good.'"

"Now came one of these audible pauses, the tickings of the death-watch of English conversation. This was broken by Mrs. Ferguson's asking a question. How many are asked for want of something to say! The questions of curiosity are few to those of politeness."

"His was a character full of great and glorious elements, but dangerous; so alive to external impressions, so full of self-deceit—for what deceives us as we deceive ourselves? To what might not some dazzling dream of honour or of love lead? It was one that required to be subdued by time, checked by obstacles, and softened by sorrow; afterwards to be acted upon by some high and sufficient motive to call its energies into action—and then, of such stuff nature makes her noblest and best. As yet his life had, like that of the cuckoo, known

'No sorrow in its song,
'No winter in its year.'

His beauty had charmed even his stately lady-mother into softness; and he was the only being now on earth whom his brother loved. Young, noble, rich, gifted with that indefinable grace which, like the fascination of the serpent, draws all within its circle, but not for such fatal purpose—with a temper almost womanly in its affectionate sweetness—with those bold buoyant spirits that make their own eagle-wings,—what did Edward de Lorraine want in this world but a few difficulties and a little misfortune?"

Music.—"By the by, both in print and parlance, how much nonsense is set forth touching 'the English having no soul for music!' The love of music, like a continent, may be divided into two parts; first, that scientific appreciation which depends on natural organisation and highly cultivated taste; and, secondly, that love of sweet sounds, for the sake of the associations linked with them, and the feelings they waken from the depths of memory: the latter is a higher love than the former, and in the first only are we English deficient. The man who stands listening to even a barrel-organ, because it repeats the tones 'he loved from the lips of his nurse'—or who follows a common ballad-singer, because her song is familiar in its sweetness, or linked with touching words, or hallowed by the remembrance of some other and dearest voice—surely that man has a thousand times more 'soul for music' than he who raves about execution, chromatic runs, semi-tones, &c. We would liken music to Aladdin's lamp—worthless in itself, not so for the spirits which obey its call. We love it for the buried hopes, the garnered memories, the tender feelings, it can summon with a touch."

"Lord Lauriston was one of those mistakes which sometimes fall out between nature and fortune,—nature meant him for a farmer, fortune made him a peer. In society he was a nonentity; he neither talked nor listened—and it is a positive duty to do one or the other: in his own house he resembled one of the old family pictures, hung up for show, and not for use; but in his farm no Caesar rebuked his genius. Heavens! what attention he bestowed on the growth of his gray peas! how eloquent he could be on the merits of Swedish turnips! and a new drill, or a patent thrashing machine, deprived him of sleep for a week."

"Let Lord Byron say what he will of bread and butter, girlhood is a beautiful season, and its love—its warm uncalculating, devoted love—so exaggerating in its simplicity—so keen from its freshness—is the very poetry of attachment: after-years have nothing like it.

To know that the love which once seemed eternal can have an end, destroys its immortality; and thus brought to a level with the beginnings and endings—the chances and changes of life's common-place employments and pleasures—and, alas! from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step—our divinity turns out an idol—we are grown too wise, too worldly, for our former faith—and we laugh at what we wept at before; such laughter is more bitter—a thousand times more bitter—than tears."

Talking of the English characteristic—grumbling—

"Our national safety-valve: a Frenchman throws his discontent into an epigram, and is happy—an Englishman vents his on the weather, and is satisfied. Heaven help our minister through a fine summer! it would inevitably cost him his place; for our English grumbling is equally distributed between the weather and politics, and the case would be desperate when confined to the last."

"There are many odd things in society; but its amusements are the oddest of all. Take any crowded party you will, and I doubt if there are ten persons in the room who are really pleased. To do as others do, is the mania of the day. I will tell you a story. Once upon a time a lady died much regretted; for she was as kind-hearted an individual as ever gave birth-day presents in her life, or left legacies at her death. When they heard the intelligence, the whole of a married daughter's family were in great distress,—the mother cried bitterly, so did her two eldest daughters, as fitting and proper to do. The youngest child of all, a little creature who could not in the least recollect its grandmother, nevertheless retired into a corner, and threw its pinafore over its face. 'Poor dear feeling little creature!' said the nurse, 'don't you cry too.' 'I'm not crying,' replied the child; 'I only pretend.' Regret and enjoyment are much the same; people are like the child,—they only pretend."

"Sleep is a true pleasure, if one had not to get up in the morning. Do not tell me of the happiness of life, when every day begins with a struggle and a sacrifice. To get up in the morning, both in the enjoyment it resigns and the resolution it requires, is an act of heroism."

"The truth is, Lord Melton was, simply, naturally and intensely selfish: he was himself 'the ocean of his thoughts'; he never considered the comfort of other people, because he never looked at it as distinct from his own; and the most romantic devotion, the most self-denying love, would have seemed, if he were the object of it, as quite in the common course of things. This is a common character, which age alone develops into deformity. Youth, like charity, covers a multitude of sins; but Heaven help the wife, children, servants, and all other pieces of domestic property, when such a man is fifty, and has the gout!"

"The innocence of the country is very much like its health—a sort of refuge for the destitute: the poet talks of its innocence, from not knowing where else to place it—and the physician of its health, sending thither his incurable patients, that they may at least not die under his hands."

"An obstinate temper is very disagreeable, particularly in a wife; a passionate one very shocking in a child; but, for one's own particular comfort, Heaven help the possessor of an irresolute one! Its day of hesitation—its night of repentance—the mischief it does—the misery it feels!—its proprietor may well ex-

claim, 'Nobody can tell what I suffer but myself!'

We must contrast these with one of the scenes in which the Higgs' flourish: it occurs on board a packet.

"But their chief attention was attracted by a family group. The father, a little fat man, with that air of small importance which says, 'I'm well to do in the world—I've made my money myself—I don't care if I do spend some—it's a poor heart what never rejoices.' The mother was crimson in countenance and pelisse, and her ample dimensions spoke years of peace and plenteousness. Every thing about her was, as she would have said, of the best; and careful attention was she giving to the safety of a huge hamper that had been deposited on deck. Two daughters followed, who looked as if they had just stepped out of the Royal Lady's Magazine—that is, the prevailing fashion exaggerated into caricature. Their bonnets were like Dominic Samson's ejaculation, 'prodigious!'—their sleeves enormous—their waists had evidently undergone the torture of the thumb-screw—indeed they were even smaller—and their skirts had 'ample verge and space enough' to admit of a doubt whether the latitude of their figure did not considerably exceed the longitude. Two small, mean-looking young men followed, whose appearance quite set the question at rest, that nature never intended the whole human race to be gentlemen. Blue-coated, brass-buttoned, there was nothing to remark in the appearance of either, excepting that, though the face of the one bore every indication of robust health, his head had been recently shaved, as if for a fever, which unlucky disclosure was made by a rope coming in awkward contact with his hat. The wind was fair; and Lord Mandeville having gone to the head of the vessel, where he was engaged in conversation, Emily was left to watch the shore of France, to which they were rapidly approaching, when her meditations were interrupted by a coarse but good-humoured voice saying, 'I wish, miss, you would find me a corner on them there nice soft cushions—my old bones aches with them benches.' Emily, with that best politeness of youth which shews attention to age, immediately made room in the carriage for the petitioner, who turned out to be her of the crimson pelisse. 'Monstrous pleasant seat,' said the visitor, expanding across one side of the carriage. Emily bowed in silence; but the vulgar are always the communicative, and her companion was soon deep in all their family history. 'That's my husband, Mr. H.: our name is Higgs, but I call him Mr. H. for shortness. Waste makes want, you know—we should not be here pleasuring if we had ever wasted. And those are my sons: the eldest is a great traveller—I dare say you have heard of him—Lord bless you! there isn't a hill in Europe, to say nothing of that at Greenwich, that he hasn't been up: you see he is a stout little fellow. Look, miss, at this box—it is made of the *lather* of Vesuvius, which he brought from Mont Blanc: he has been up to the very top of it, miss. I keep it for *bones*.' So saying, she offered Emily some of the peppermint-drops it contained: these were civilly declined, and the box good-naturedly admired, which encouraged—though, Heaven knows, there was not much need—the old lady to proceed. 'We always travel in the summer for improvement—both Mr. H. and I think a deal of learning: the boys have both been to grammar schools, and their two brothers are at the London University—only think, miss, of our city having a university—Lord, Lord, but

we do live in clever times.' Mrs. H. paused for a moment, as if overwhelmed with the glories of the London University; and conversation was renewed by Emily's inquiring 'what part of the Continent they intended visiting?' 'Oh, we are going to Italy—I want to see what's at the end of it; besides, the girls mean to buy such a quantity of pearls at Rome. We intend giving a fancy ball this winter—we have got a good house of our own in Fitzroy Square—we can afford to let the young ones see a little pleasure.' 'May I ask,' said Emily, 'what is Mr. Higg's profession?' 'Indeed!' exclaimed his offended spouse, 'he's not one of your professing sort—he never says what he doesn't mean—his word's as good as his bond through St. Mary Within, any day—professions, indeed! what has he ever professed to you?' Emily took her most conciliating tone, and, as unwilling duellists say, the explanation was quite satisfactory. 'Bless your silly soul! his business you mean. You are just like my girls—I often tells them to run for the dictionary: to see the blessings of education! Our childer are a deal more knowing than ourselves. But Mr. H.'s business—though I say it that shouldn't—there isn't a more thriving soap-boiler in the ward. Mr. H. wanted to go to Moscow for our summer *tower* (Moscow's the sea-port which sends us our tallow)—but I said, 'Lord, Mr. H., says I, what signifies making a toil of a pleasure?' 'You are,' said Emily, 'quite a family party.' 'I never lets Mr. H. leave me and the girls behind—no, share and share alike, says I—your wife has as good a right to go as yourself. I often tells him a bit of my mind in the old song—you know what it says for we women—that, when Adam was created,

'We wasn't took out of his feet, sir,
That we might be trampled upon;
But we was took out of the side, sir,
His equals and partners to be:
So you never need go for to think, sir,
That you are the top of the tree.'

'Well,' replied Emily, 'I wish you much pleasure in Italy.' 'Ah, miss, it was my son there that put it in our noddies to go to Italy first. Do you see that his head's shaved?—it's all along his taste for the fine arts. We've got his bust at home, and his hair was cut off to have his head and its bumps taken: they covered it all over with paste just like a pudding. Lord! his white face does look so queer in the front drawing-room—it's put on a marble pillar, just in the middle window—but, dear, I thought the people outside would like to see the great traveller.' "

But enough of this—it is merely a sample to shew the writer's talent in a new vein. Our next extract is a letter in a strain more likely to be looked for from her: we know nothing superior to it, and we wonder how any one not in the actual circumstances could ever have conceived so true a delineation of the last moments of a fair visionary, whose unreal hopes in life had perished before herself. "If you have not already forgotten my wilful, wayward, and ungrateful conduct, I am persuaded it will be forgiven when I tell you that I have suffered much both in mind and in body, and am now at home—but ill, very ill, and pining to see you, my kind, my almost only friend. The fatigue of writing is great, and I will enter into no details; but only tell you, that I have escaped from my convent, in company with, and by the assistance of, Beatrice de los Zoridos. She is with me now in England. Every event that has taken place you can learn from others—my feelings only from myself; and if I speak boldly on a subject which even now

brings the blood to my cheek, it is because you, and you only, know my secret, and because I would implore you to keep silence as sacredly as you would a trust from the dead—it will soon be one. The melancholy wind is sweeping through the old trees of our garden—I could fancy it filled with spirit-tones, which call me away. This is very fanciful; but what has my whole life been but a vain, false fancy? I tremble to recall the past—the gifts I have misused—the good things that have found me thankless—the obstinate will that has rejected content, unless that content were after its own fashion. Death sends Truth before as its messenger. In the loneliness of my sleepless midnight—in the feverish restlessness of days which lacked strength for pleasant and useful employment—how have I been forced on self-examination! and how have my own thoughts witnessed against me! Life—the sacred and the beautiful—how utterly have I wasted! for how much discontent and ingratitude am I responsible! I have been self-indulged from my childhood upwards—I have fretted with imaginary sorrows, and desired imaginary happiness; and when my heart beat with the feelings of womanhood, it set up a divinity, and its worship was idolatrous! Sinful it was to love as I loved Edward Lorraine; and truly it has had its reward. I loved him selfishly, engrossingly, to the exclusion of the hopes of Heaven, and the affections of earth. I knelt with the semblance of prayer—but an earthly image was the idol: I prayed but for him. I cared for no amusement—I grew disgusted with all occupation—I loved none else around me. I slept, and he was in my dreams—I awoke, and he was my very first thought. Too soon, and yet too late, I learnt to what a frail and foolish vision I had yielded. A storm of terrible passions swept over me. I loathed, I hated, my nearest friends. My shame amounted to madness: fear alone kept me from suicide. I repulsed the love that was yet mine—I disowned the many blessings that my lot still possessed—I forgot my religion, and outraged my God, by kneeling at a shrine which was not sacred to me, and taking vows in a faith I held to be false. A brain-fever kept me to my bed for some weeks: I hope and pray that its influence was upon me before. My hand trembles so that I can scarcely write. Beatrice came to the convent: our intercourse was permitted; and she was kind, gentle, affectionate, to me, as if she had been my sister. I cannot tell you how loving her softened my heart. At length I heard her history. She told me of trials and hardships that put my complainings to shame; and then I learnt that she was the beloved and betrothed of Edward Lorraine. I looked in her beautiful face, and then, strange as it may seem to say, hope, for the first time, wholly abandoned me. My love had been so dreaming, that my imagination, even in the convent, was always shaping out some improbable reunion. I was ill again. Beatrice watched me, soothed me, read to me from the little English Bible which she said had ever been, in her trying and lonely life, a friend and a support. Alas! my heart died within me to think what account I should render of the talent committed to my charge. I felt utterly lost and cast away. I prayed as one without hope—one who feels her sin is too great to be forgiven. But God tempers justice with mercy—a new life rose up within me. I said, even at the eleventh hour there is hope: I said, surely the Saviour of the world is mine also. I thought upon the grave to which I was hastening, and it seemed to me

peaceful as the bed of a child.—'There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest.' I repented me of my worldly delusions, and strove to fix my thoughts above. Had I earlier made religion the guide of my way, I might even now be fulfilling the duties I have neglected, and looking forward in patience and faith. But it is too late; the last of my house, I am perishing as a leaf to which spring has denied her life. I have longed to die at home—to hear once more the words of prayer in my native tongue; and wonderfully has my wish been granted, when expectation there was none! I shall sleep in the green churchyard where I first learnt that death was in this world;—the soil will be familiar, and the air that of my home. I am one-and-twenty to-morrow. Would, O God! that my years had been so spent as to have been a worthier offering! But thy fear is the beginning of wisdom; and in that fear is my trust, that a broken and a contrite spirit thou wilt not despise.—Will you not, my dear and kind friend, come and see me? I shall be so happy, if I can once tell you, that, though the orphan for a moment forgot your kindness, its memory was not effaced. I have thought of you, and prayed for you. You will come, dear Lady Mandeville. I want you to know Beatrice. You will love her, and your kindness may benefit her. She will be more grateful than I have been. Will you not come to-morrow?—Yours, &c."

We have named Rochefoucauld—could he excel the following, taken almost at random?

"The course of life is like the child's game—here we go round by the rule of contrary—and youth, above all others, is the season of united opposites, with all its freshness and buoyancy."

"The attention of a superior is too flattering to our vanity not to call it forth."

"A great change in life is like a cold bath in winter—we all hesitate at the first plunge."

"Marriage is like money—seem to want it, and you never get it."

"Alas, for the vanity of human enjoyment! we grow weary of even our own perfection."

"What a foundation mortified vanity is for philosophy!"

"Attention is always pleasant in acquaintances till we tire of them."

"The ridiculous is memory's most adhesive plaster."

"The old proverb, applied to fire and water, may, with equal truth, be applied to the imagination—it is a good servant, but a bad master."

"The Janus of Love's year may have two faces, but they look only on each other."

"In the moral as in the physical world, the violent is never the lasting—the tree forced into unnatural luxuriance of blossom bears them and dies."

"Grief, after all, is like smoking in a damp country—what was at first a necessity becomes afterwards an indulgence."

"An apt quotation is like a lamp which flings its light over the whole sentence."

"The history of most lives may be briefly comprehended under three heads—our follies, our faults, and our misfortunes."

"There is nothing so easy as to be wise for others; a species of prodigality, by the by—for such wisdom is wholly wasted."

"Always be as witty as you can with your parting bow—your last speech is the one remembered."

"Nothing appears to me so absurd as placing our happiness in the opinion others entertain

of our enjoyments, not in our own sense of them. The fear of being thought vulgar, is the moral hydrophobia of the day; our weaknesses cost us a thousand times more regret and shame than our faults."

"How youth makes its wishes hopes, and its hopes certainties!"

"Hope is the prophet of youth—young eyes will always look forwards."

"There is wisdom in even the exaggeration of grief—there is little cause to fear we should feel too much."

"Nothing circulates so rapidly as a secret."

"Illusions are the magic of real life, and the forfeit of future pain is paid for present pleasure."

"We are reproached with forgetting others: we forget ourselves a thousand times more. We remember what we hear, see, and read, often accurately: not so with what we felt—that is faint and uncertain in its record. Memory is the least egotistical of all our faculties."

"The imaginative gods of the Grecians are dethroned—the warlike deities of the Scandinavians feared no longer; but we have set up a new set of idols in their place, and we call them Appearances."

"What a pity that one forgets one's childish thoughts; their originality would produce such an effect, properly managed! It is curious to observe, that by far the most useful part of our knowledge is acquired unconsciously. We remember learning to read and write; but we do not remember how we learned to talk, to distinguish colours, &c. The first thought that a child wilfully conceals is an epoch—one of life's most important—and yet who can recall it?"

"Knowledge, when only the possession of a few, has almost always been turned to iniquitous purposes."

"Surprises are like misfortunes or herrings—they rarely come single."

"Habits are the petrifications of the feelings."

"Imagination is to love what gas is to the balloon—that which raises it from earth."

"Love is followed by disappointment, admiration by mortification, and obligation by ingratitude."

"Inclination never wants an excuse—and, if one won't do, there are a dozen others soon found."

"Like the cards which form a child's plaything palace, our pleasures are nicely balanced one upon the other."

"The pleasure of change is opposed by that of habit; and if we love best that to which we are accustomed, we like best that which is new."

"Small evils make the worst part of great ones: it is so much easier to endure misfortune than to bear an inconvenience."

"The difference between good and bad intentions is this:—that good intentions are so very satisfactory in themselves, that it really seems a work of supererogation to carry them into execution; whereas evil ones have a restlessness that can only be satisfied by action—and, to the shame of fate be it said, very many facilities always offer for their being effected."

"The bitterest cup has its one drop of honey."

"Jealousy ought to be tragic, to save it from being ridiculous."

"We appreciate no pleasures unless we are occasionally debarred from them. Restraint is the golden rule of enjoyment."

"Experience teaches, it is true; but she never teaches in time. Each event brings its lesson, and the lesson is remembered; but the same event never occurs again."

"A patriot might take his best lesson of disinterestedness from feminine affection."

"Advice generally does require some very powerful argument to be taken."

"How much is there in one minute, when we reflect that that one minute extends over the world!"

We might continue examples like these to the last column of our journal, and still be far in debt to the beautiful thoughts and brilliant ideas which enrich and brighten every page. We have been utterly unable to exhibit the happy drawings of character, which are at once so uncommon and so true, that if we miss the individual, we in a moment catch the class: and, indeed, we must confess our incompetency to render justice to a work, which we do not hesitate to pronounce the most striking production of the novelist since *Waverley* promised the actual world a rare succession of enjoyment in the world of fiction.

The Political Life of the Right Honourable George Canning, from his Acceptance of the Seal of the Foreign Department, in September 1822, to the Period of his Death, in August 1827. Second Edition. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

BROUGHT before us thus early in a second edition, as was to be anticipated from its rare value as a political and historical record, we return with a melancholy satisfaction to Mr. Stapleton's life of Mr. Canning. It possesses, indeed, many of the highest claims to public attention. It is written by one perfectly competent to the task he has undertaken, both by talents and circumstances: the private secretary of such a minister, so open and candid, must have had access to the most important information. This is evident throughout Mr. Stapleton's work. It draws a just picture of an individual (of whom we also knew much, and can therefore truly vouch for the accuracy of the biographer), and we recognise in the portrait the accomplished statesman, the enlightened patriot, the sensitive, chivalrous, and noble-minded man. Canning, accused by his enemies of diplomatic intrigue, was of all human beings the most remote from the selfishness and treachery of party cabal: he was ingenious to a fault; and the only curb upon his confidingness of disposition, was derived from that acuteness of sense which he inherited from nature, improved (shall we call it?) by an acquaintance with office and official persons. He could not but be aware of the tricks and falsehood by which every minister is surrounded; but, clear-sighted as he was, even the perception of this was insufficient to convert his generous spirit into what might be deemed necessary duplicity; on the contrary, his resentment burst forth upon occasions where he detected deceit; but he was as unguarded as he was illustrious in genius, and pure in purpose. Some might think this a grievous fault; but we hope the day will come when the English government, by whomsoever administered, shall adopt the maxim of George Canning, and believe that entertaining, only, views for the peculiar benefit of England, as essential to the general interests of the world, (seeking no advantages, but from a high station promoting the universal weal), the weapons of utter truth and sincerity are worth tenfold all the arts and wiles of the most dexterous cunning.

These volumes, as we intimated in our notice of the first edition, demonstrate the great poli-

tical system of Mr. Canning—a system, as we have stated, wrought with a manly straightforwardness which admitted of no mistake,—to balance the conflicting opinions into which European society had become divided. His sagacity soon saw that it was no longer a difference between sovereigns or countries, to be arranged by a treaty, or pacified by a war; but that two gigantic principles were at issue, and that the lover of Britain had to steer the vessel's course between the equal dangers of the stormy ocean and the lee-shore—between overwhelming democracy on the one hand, and oppressive despotism on the other. He knew that names were nothing; and he cared alike for liberalism and holy alliance, for the improving voice of mobs, and the tender mercies of tyrants. And in consulting the welfare of his native land, he resolutely determined that its immense weight in the scale of nations should never be thrown into either extreme—he felt our power, and that Britain could hold and trim the balance. He is dead.

It may be a strength or weakness of character, and probably it is wrong to depart from the common rules of criticism to identify an anonymous writer with his subject, but we cannot help it where the name of Canning occurs; yet we confess to an organisation which attaches us so strongly to individuals, that we never think of party or partisanship. Having conceived and justified our attachment by observation, imagination perhaps following in a slight degree, we delight in dwelling upon the attributes which have fixed our affection. The devotedness may be more or less powerful and riveted, as the object may deserve, in pursuing the grand problem of life's trials; but we will once more take an opportunity of bearing our testimony to the memory of George Canning—a testimony unclouded by obligation—and give it, humble as it is, in aid of Mr. Stapleton's admirable exposition, to the exact truth of every syllable of which, especially in the new part to which we shall now allude, we can bear witness.

The additions thus made are singularly interesting. The English language has no such account of the formation of a ministry; and the faded details of similar negotiations sink into insignificance when contrasted with these striking particulars of an event so recent, so illustrative of the subject generally, so home to living characters of the foremost rank and influence. From Canning's untimely grave, lessons of high political wisdom may be learnt. We regret that our limits enable us only to repeat a small portion of them.

“On the 5th of January the Duke of York expired after a long and painful illness. His royal highness was the political enemy of Mr. Canning; and not long before his dissolution he had made an urgent representation to the king, ‘strenuously advising his majesty to place the government of the country in a state of uniformity,—and that that uniformity should be one of a decided opposition to the Catholic claims.’ His majesty was, however, too well convinced of the value of Mr. Canning's services to be willing to dispense with them, as he must have done, had he followed the advice of his brother; and the step which his royal highness had taken was communicated to Mr. Canning. The health of his royal highness was, at the time of this communication, supposed to be rapidly improving; but Mr. Canning determined to wait for the more advanced recovery of the commander-in-chief, before he adopted any decisive measures, with respect to this active demonstration of

hostility against a confidential servant of the crown on the part of an individual holding so high an official post in the king's service. Instead, however, of recovering, his royal highness shortly after began rapidly to grow worse. While in this state the royal patient was exhorted to leave behind him some testamentary exposition of his opinions on the Catholic question; he, however, steadfastly refused to do so, saying, that had he lived he would have fought the question to the uttermost, but that he did not think it fair to embarrass those from whom he was about to be separated. Such noble and considerate conduct served not a little to increase Mr. Canning's ‘self-congratulation that he had not allowed himself to be hurried into a controversial discussion, which must in its effects have disquieted the last weeks of his royal highness's life, and the closing intercourse between his royal highness and the king. I would not,’ said Mr. Canning, ‘for the world, have had to lay such a consequence to my own charge, however unintentionally produced, or under whatever provocation.’ Mr. Canning attended the funeral of the Duke of York, at which mournful ceremony he caught a cold, which ended in an illness that gave a shock to his constitution, from which it never entirely recovered.”

After Lord Liverpool was struck by disease from the roll of active and intelligent men, every eye was turned to Canning as his successor; and Mr. Stapleton's history of the transactions which ensued is, as we have said, of unequalled interest. We select some passages, but hardly hope to be able to connect them. We must trust to the memory of our readers,—it is only four years ago.

“A similar success to that which attended Mr. Canning's exertions on the corn bill unfortunately did not attend them on the Catholic question. Previously to the debate no expedient had been left untried, as well by some influential Protestant members of the government, as by some of its Protestant supporters, to procure a decision unfavourable to the measure.”

The Master of the Rolls (Sir John Copley's) speech is thus mentioned.

“The groundwork of the learned gentleman's speech was unfortunately founded on a letter, addressed by Dr. Phillpotts to Mr. Canning, which the reverend controversialist had published in the form of a pamphlet. This individual had previously failed in drawing Mr. Canning into a private polemical correspondence on the subject of the Athanasian Creed; he was not more successful with his published letter, which savoured little of Christian charity, for Mr. Canning never took the trouble to notice it; but when used by the master of the rolls, it gave to his speech a character of personal hostility to Mr. Canning, which, there is every reason to believe, was very far from the intention of the speaker. It was late in the debate when Mr. Canning rose, much exhausted, and far from well. He applied himself more particularly to answer the arguments of the master of the rolls, in the course of doing which, he made some sarcastic observations. The unfairness of the learned gentleman's arguments he considered to consist in introducing into a discussion on the general principle, the question of securities, which was one of detail, and only a collateral branch of the subject; and in doing so, as if the supporters of general concession had given up the whole project of securities, when in point of fact the business of the night did not include that part of the subject. The effect of this

debate was to produce a coolness between Mr. Canning and the master of the rolls,—a circumstance which was viewed with no small degree of pleasure by the several enemies of each of them. The language of the master of the rolls was, however, unequivocally, that in the speech that he had made he had no manner of intention of acting with hostility towards Mr. Canning; and the feelings which he avowed were rather those of a friend who was hurt, than of an individual who had any thing to resent.”

When Mr. Canning came to form the ministry, he offered the seals to Sir John Copley, who accepted them, and the correspondence is characteristic of both.

“Shortly after the debate they had met in the House of Commons, and shaken hands; so that when the time arrived for proposing to the master of the rolls to succeed Lord Eldon, Mr. Canning had no hesitation in writing to request the favour of seeing him, or in concluding his letter by saying, ‘Believe me, my dear sir (*Phillpotts non obstante*), very sincerely yours.’ To this letter the master of the rolls replied that he would come; and followed Mr. Canning's example of putting the pith in his conclusion, which was, ‘Believe me now, as always (minus 24 hours), yours very sincerely.’”

Upon the larger question we copy the following:

“The postponement of these arrangements, which had been dictated as well by feelings of delicacy towards Lord Liverpool as by considerations of public advantage, was not unaccompanied by its counterbalancing inconveniences. The critical situation of the government kept men's minds in that state of excitement, that they could not rest without either talking or doing something, whether it were for good or for evil: and since the policy of the principal personages in the drama was to be quiet, individuals who held a secondary station in political importance, began to think that it was at least incumbent upon them not to remain inactive. The consequence was, that those who, if it had pleased God to have terminated, at the same moment, Lord Liverpool's mortal as well as political career, would have been content, had the immediate filling up of his vacancy been thus necessitated, to have seen that vacancy supplied by Mr. Canning, had time to consult together, and, by exciting each other's imaginations to be deluded into a belief, that though for the four preceding years Mr. Canning's had been the labouring oar in the government, yet because he was the avowed supporter of liberal principles, and because he was an advocate for Catholic emancipation, he was on these accounts unfit to hold the first place in the councils of his sovereign. Had this opinion produced on its professors no other effect than a determination not to support a government of which Mr. Canning was the head, it would be impossible to find in their conduct any just grounds of censure. But they did not confine themselves to such moderate and constitutional measures; for certainly one noble duke (and reports at that time stated that there were two) asked for an audience of the king, at which he attempted to dictate to his sovereign, in the exercise of his undoubted prerogative (that of choosing the individual in whom he would repose his chief confidence), by threatening his majesty with the withdrawal of his own support, and the support of some other noble personages who thought with him, in the event of his majesty thinking it right to place Mr.

Canning at the head of his government. The way in which his majesty received this intimation may be judged from the result. But this was not the only inconvenience which resulted from the then existing interregnum; for certainly the 'talk which part of the connexions of those who belonged to a government to which as yet Mr. Canning belonged, thought themselves at liberty to hold respecting him,' was of a most indecorous character. It was on the 27th of March that Mr. Canning went to the Royal Lodge; and on the following day the king held a long conversation with him on the then state of the government. In that conversation, when Mr. Canning was called upon for his advice, aware of the king's individual opinions on the Catholic question, he counselled his majesty to frame his government conformably to those opinions. But the king, although expressing his sense of 'the impossibility of parting' with Mr. Canning, nevertheless proposed to place at the head of the administration a peer holding Lord Liverpool's opinions on that question: whereupon Mr. Canning, upon being commanded to speak without reserve, humbly submitted to his majesty, that if those whose sentiments were favourable to the Catholics were to be excluded solely on account of those sentiments, as much as the Catholics, from the highest elevations in the state, and from the greatest objects of ambition, he could 'not consent to be the individual in whose person such a principle should be established.' He therefore felt himself bound honestly to state to his majesty, 'in plain terms,' that 'the substantive power of first minister he must have, and, what was more, must be known to have,' or he must beg leave to be allowed to retire from a situation which he could 'no longer fill either with satisfaction to himself, or with benefit to the king's service.'* The determination expressed by Mr. Canning in this conference speaks for itself, and requires little comment. He knew that he had been the main stay of the government during the four years that he had been a member of it; that as leader of the House of Commons, he held in the ministry the second station; and that, whenever a vacancy in the first should occur, he could not without degradation have consented to have his own just claims set aside in favour of another, unless there were better reasons for proscribing him than his being favourable to the Catholic cause; and he well knew that a public man, once degraded, could never again serve his king or his country with advantage to them, or with honour to himself. His resolution therefore was early taken, unhesitatingly announced, and steadfastly maintained. It should, however, be borne in mind what that resolution was. It was not that he would resign unless he were *first lord of the treasury*, but that he would resign unless he held, and was known to hold, the post of *first minister*; a post which it was at first supposed by the king might be held by any one of his confidential servants, and formerly had been held by Lord Chatham, with the office of privy seal. While these things were passing on the subject of the government, the House of Commons had begun to manifest symptoms of impatience at the

* This brief statement of what passed in this conference between the king and Mr. Canning is founded on a paper which the latter left behind him, recording the whole of the conversation. It was dictated by Mr. Canning immediately after his return from the Royal Lodge, and, of course, it would not be justifiable to quote it, except in elucidation of that which Mr. Canning had recorded his intention of publishing, viz. the correspondence with the Duke of Wellington, in which reference is made to this conversation.

continuance of the government in an unsettled state."

"Meanwhile, although between the 31st of March and the 6th of April, Mr. Canning had no communication whatsoever with his majesty on the subject of the arrangements, yet he had frequent conferences with the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel. Mr. Peel's conduct in all of these interviews was in every respect honourable and consistent; he had made up his mind to resign, if an individual favourable to the Catholics should be placed at the head of the government; and as soon as he found that Mr. Canning would not yield this point, he made known what were his intentions. His professions, too, 'of respect and regard' for Mr. Canning were unbounded; so much so that Mr. Canning expressed himself as feeling 'it quite impossible to do sufficient justice to his frankness and straightforwardness, and to feelings for which he owned he had not before given Mr. Peel credit, but which,' he said, 'he hoped he knew how to value and return.' With the conduct of the Duke of Wellington Mr. Canning at one time thought he had reason to be dissatisfied, and certainly a good deal of misapprehension existed between them. Mr. Canning had heard that his grace did not disapprove, even if he did not sanction, the conduct of the Duke of Newcastle; and since the language of some of the immediate adherents of the Duke of Wellington was certainly any thing but friendly to Mr. Canning, it was not unnatural to suppose that their sentiments were, in some degree at least, in unison with those of their chief. Mr. Canning's feelings, therefore, towards the duke, about this period, were not of the most cordial nature; but, on the 2d of April, a common friend called on Mr. Canning; and, with the view to promote a better understanding, proposed that his grace should have an interview with Mr. Canning on the following day. The duke accordingly came to the Foreign Office on the 3d of April, and a conversation of two hours took place between them. At this conference on the part of Mr. Canning 'the fullest details were given of what passed at his audience with his majesty at Windsor.' On the part of the duke, explanations were offered, which induced Mr. Canning to say 'that every thing that had been in doubt had been cleared up satisfactorily; and that they 'parted' as a mutual friend would have wished,—'all being left well.'"

"Mr. Canning likewise again saw the Duke of Wellington for a few minutes. The effect of these two conferences was, that the belief which Mr. Canning had once entertained that the Duke of Wellington never thought 'of himself, for the post of prime minister was entirely changed, and that' Mr. Canning's 'belief then was, that the duke, and perhaps Mr. Peel too, hoped that the explanation between Mr. Canning and the duke would have ended in Mr. Canning's expressing a wish that the duke 'should take the government.' The desire to be first minister, which Mr. Canning thought that the duke entertained, his grace subsequently disclaimed in the strongest and most unequivocal terms, asserting that he not only did not wish to occupy that post, but had an absolute repugnance to holding it,—a repugnance, however, which, about sixteen months after, he succeeded in conquering. On the night of the 5th the king came to town, and Mr. Canning had an interview with his majesty on the 6th. On the 9th, by the king's command, Mr. Canning saw Mr. Peel, who came for the purpose of stating to Mr. Can-

ning the name of an 'individual whose appointment, as premier, Mr. Peel conceived likely to solve all difficulties.' That individual was the Duke of Wellington; but Mr. Canning was of opinion that the appointment of his grace would not afford any such solution. This last attempt at excluding Mr. Canning from the premiership on account of his Catholic sentiments, while he remained in the government, having failed, the king determined to protract no longer the anxious state of suspense in which the country had been kept, and accordingly sent for Mr. Canning on the 10th of April, and issued to him his royal commands to prepare, 'with as little delay as possible, a plan for the reconstruction of the administration.'"

We need not go over the almost simultaneous resignations of half the cabinet.

"That they were the result of combination on the part of these noble personages cannot be supposed, after their denial that they were so; but, the fact of five having been sent within eighteen hours, and four out of the five, within three, certainly made them assume the appearance of an attempt at intimidation. If, indeed, this had been the object, nothing could have been less calculated to answer the purpose. They who could have conceived such a project must have formed a very erroneous impression of those with whom they had to deal. The effects which it appears they produced in his majesty's mind were displeasure with those who thus acted, and the confirmation of his resolution to support the minister of his choice. Nor had Mr. Canning a heart to quail before difficulties: neither of them were appalled at these unexpected obstacles. His majesty forthwith confirmed Mr. Canning's appointment by giving him his hand to kiss."

The debates and explanations which followed must be fresh in the remembrance of every one; and we shall only farther advert to two hitherto unpublished letters between the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Canning. We wish we could find room for all, but they are too long; and we must take a short extract. Mr. C. writes:

"There is but one other part of your grace's speech which appears to call for any observations from me. Your grace emphatically says, that *your being at the head of the government was 'wholly out of the question.'* I learned this opinion of your grace with sincere pleasure. The union of the whole power in the state, civil and military, in the same hands, (for your grace, as prime minister, could never have effectually divested yourself of your influence over the army,) would certainly, in my opinion, have constituted a station too great for *any subject*, however eminent, or however meritorious, and one incompatible with the practice of a free constitution. Nothing would have induced me to serve under such a form of government, and I am rejoiced to find that your grace's opinion was always against such an arrangement. But I confess I am surprised that, such being your grace's fixed opinion, it should nevertheless have been proposed to me, as it was more than once, and up to the 9th of April inclusive, to concur in placing your grace at the head of the government. There is in this apparent contradiction a mystery which I cannot explain. In rejecting, however, as I did, that proposition, I do assure your grace, I was not actuated by any feeling unfriendly or disrespectful to your grace: nor am I conscious of any such feeling now. I take nothing personally amiss in your grace's speech. I retain a recollection, corresponding with your own, of the intercourse which has for some years sub-

assisted between us on political affairs; and there is not in the nation, or in the army itself, an individual who regrets more deeply than I do, that your grace should have thought it necessary to withdraw from the command of the army at the same time that you resigned your seat in the cabinet."

To this his grace replies:

"I considered your letters to me, and most particularly the one of the 11th of April, in which, be it observed, you state, that you had previously submitted it to his majesty, to have placed me in such a relation towards his majesty, and towards yourself, as his first minister, as to render it impossible for me to continue my office of commander-in-chief. I could not be otherwise than in constant confidential relations with his majesty on the one hand, and with yourself on the other, as you will find by and by, when you shall come to conduct the duties of the office of first lord of the treasury; and it was impossible for me to look for that personal good will and confidence in such communications, which are absolutely necessary, and which I trust I deserve, after I had received from you a letter, in which I thought you had made use of a tone of rebuke not provoked by any thing contained in my letter to you, and for which the sanction of his majesty was, as I think, very unnecessarily obtained. I know what I owe to his majesty, but I should be unworthy of his favour and kindness, and quite useless to him hereafter, if I had continued to endeavour to serve him in the post of commander-in-chief of his army, after I had received that letter. I am not in the habit of deciding upon such matters hastily or in anger; and the proof of this is, that I never had a quarrel with any man in my life."

Mr. Stapleton's remarks must conclude our review.

"Upon a full and impartial examination of the whole of the documents relating to this discussion, together with the commentary that the subsequent acts of the Duke of Wellington's government has afforded to them, it cannot but be matter of surprise as well as of regret, that the Duke of Wellington should have taken the important decision to relinquish his public duty on such apparently erroneous and trivial causes of personal offence. For when it is considered that within two years of this period, the Duke of Wellington himself, as head of the government, persuaded the king to grant unqualified concession to the demands of the Catholics, it is difficult to attribute his grace's secession from the government in 1827 to the influence of the only other motive assigned for it—viz. deference to his majesty's opinions on the Catholic question, and the impossibility of giving fair support and confidence to a government at the head of which was an individual favourable to the Catholics, from the conviction, that the necessary result of the preponderating influence of a government so constituted, would inevitably bring the country into a state of peril. To this answer Mr. Canning made no reply: he feared that had he done so, the correspondence might have 'degenerated into controversy,' and that any rejoinder from him might have placed the chance of a return to a mutual good understanding at a greater distance than ever, and thereby have continued to 'deprive the country of his grace's military services.'"

With these very imperfect quotations, we dismiss this new edition of the political life of Mr. Canning, to the increased attention which awaits it. Even amid the ferment of these vil times, it must command the best considera-

tion of the country. The dearest advantages are to be derived from the calm and judicious view of those points of external and internal policy which it offers to us, while it embalms the memory of a minister whose loss is now felt more deeply than ever.

Cameron: a Novel. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Bull.

THERE is both cleverness and capability in this work—many characters most happily sketched, and several scenes both of interest and amusement. The faults seem to us the usual ones of a young writer—too many persons introduced on the scene; materials inartificially managed—i. e. not sufficiently connected; and a story too wire-drawn. *Cameron*, however, opens with much spirit; and Lord Marsden—poor, proud, and prejudiced—is a good specimen of the author's skill in portrait-painting.

"Equally exempt from the interruptions of friends and the encroachments of neighbourhood, Lord Marsden, ensconced within a fortress of prejudices, lived among his own domestic circle unimproving and unimproved,—disliking the world, which he was too proud to court, and too poor to interest—more vain of the past than ambitious for the future, and solacing himself, in lieu of living society, by a continual reference to that which was extinct—cherishing a tenacious reverence for every thing said and done by his ancestors, and thinking that no conversation could afford such intellectual delight as that which he enjoyed when descanting upon the wisdom and power of those honoured relatives whose portraits were fading upon the wainscot, and whose remains crowded his family mausoleum—a building darkly conspicuous upon the only rising ground within view, and serving as a continual remembrancer, not of life's brief tenure, but that he represented eleven titled predecessors."

"His private library communicated with the breakfast room; and no sooner was the first stroke of nine heard to reverberate upon the house clock than he let himself out from that learned retreat, where, to borrow the expression of a contemporary nobleman, 'he read all day, and no one was ever the wiser'; and it would have been but little gratifying to him could he have remarked with how much more of fear than pleasure his approach was met. Being, however, one of those persons always so self-engrossed as to have no leisure for mortifying discoveries, restraint passed current with him for deference, and awe for duty. His morning salutation never amounted to more than a low bow to his lady and sister, accompanied by a wave of the hand generally, signifying that his children were recognised, and that every one might be seated. Like many who have but little to shew for their time, he was a tenacious timeist; and wo to the defaulter who should happen not to be present at this ceremonious greeting."

"Conversation at Lord Marsden's table generally took its tone from himself, if that might be called conversation where one leading person, and that person a tiresome egotist, contrived to engross it exclusively. Fancying himself an antiquary, when he was merely a genealogist, his knowledge of genealogy originating in pride, rendered it the most disagreeable acquirement he could have cultivated. Pride of ancestry was his ruling passion; and although perhaps it is a passion less tolerated in society than many of a more vicious tendency, it was nevertheless one which was not, in his case, without some advantages, for it

was to this passion that he owed his voluntary seclusion from a world in which length of pedigree, without the concomitants of talent, accomplishments, or wealth, meets but with little of that consideration which the pride of ancestral dignity is so much disposed to exact."

There are two Scotch families well and naturally depicted; the one a scene of miserable contention and indolent irregularity—the other of order and domestic comfort. There is a power of drawing from real life which promises well for our author's future efforts; and we notice it with pleasure, while we recommend the present work to the regard of novel-readers.

Tour of a German Prince, &c. 2 vols. Wilson.

[Fourth notice: Conclusion.]

A FOURTH continuation upon two not very large volumes shews how much this various publication has offered to us for such selection as we supposed would be acceptable to our readers. But as all things must have an end, so must Prince Puckler Muskau. We shall therefore, having contributed to make him popular in these dull days, wind him up, in, we trust, an agreeable manner; though one of our public duties, before we close, is to designate some of the defects which detract from his amusing qualities. Like all real or pseudo romanticists, *alias* enthusiasts, the prince is liable to misconception and prone to exaggeration. For the latter (without quoting, for, in fact, the work is full of it) we will only refer to the bull story, pp. 6, 7, Vol. II.; but to justify our charge of incorrectness, we will cite one example, from which a pretty accurate idea of the prince's incorrectness as to realities may be formed.

"I found (says he) all the towers in Canterbury (1) decorated with flags in celebration of New-year's day. I commemorated it in the proudest and most beautiful of all English cathedrals. This romantic edifice, begun by the Saxons, continued by the Normans, and recently restored with great judgment, forms three distinct and yet connected churches: with many irregular chapels and staircases, black and white marble floors, and a forest of pillars in harmonious confusion (2). The yellow tone of the sandstone is very advantageous, especially in the Norman part of the church, where it is beautifully relieved by the black marble columns (3). Here lies the brazen effigy of the Black Prince, on a sarcophagus of stone. Over him hang his half-mouldered gloves, and the sword (4) and shield he wore at Poitiers. A number of other monuments adorn the church: among them, those of Henry the Fourth and Thomas à Becket (5), who was killed in one of the adjoining chapels. A great part of the old painted window is preserved, and is unrivalled in the splendour of its colours. Some parts of it are only patterns and arabesques, like transparent carpets of velvet: others appear like jewellery formed of every variety of precious stones. But few contain historical subjects. What gives this magnificent cathedral a great pre-eminence over every other in England is, that there is no screen (6) in the middle to cut and obstruct the view, and you see the whole extent of the aisle—from four to five hundred paces long—at one glance."

Now, in this single page there are six misrepresentations (Prince Puckler Muskau would be a horrible member of the Antiquaries!). 1. Only one of the towers bears a flag. 2. The pillars are placed in perfectly regular order. 3. There are no black marble columns in the building. 4. The sword of the Black Prince was removed many years ago. 5. The tomb of Becket was destroyed by the Puritans (we believe in Cromwell's time): not a vestige of it remains. And, 6. There are two screens, one separating the nave and choir, the other the choir and Trinity chapel.

We have been right, therefore, we hope, in illustrating our German author's work rather from his views of our manners and peculiarities than from his statistics or statements where any thing like exactitude was essential. But, indeed, such of our readers as have met the prince in his English visit will readily perceive that we must, in honour to our judgment, and

without much reference to his book, have chosen this course, if we meant to have our critical acumen unquestioned and uncondemned. The prince's mode of thinking and acting threw a sort of cloud over his latter residence here; or, we might rather say, rendered his position in fashionable society a problem. A misunderstanding at the Traveller's Club, and the interference of the Prussian minister, made some stir at the time; if it shewed nothing else, it shewed the curious and laudable anxiety of a government touching the conduct of its subjects in other countries; and, perhaps, it was the most desirable of consummations that the prince should bid adieu to London, and hasten to join the fair dame to whom these letters are addressed.

[As a note we may mention having frequently met the author in general society—a fine-looking fellow, and known to be a man of large estates in Silesia. He married a daughter of Baron Hardenberg, whom, we believe, he has rejoined since this correspondence to her was written, in German, than which no more beautiful specimen of composition exists in the modern literature of the country.]

Having in this parenthesis delivered ourselves of personalities, which seemed to be required in order to form a just opinion of this publication, we shall now conclude with a few farther extracts; and we set out with, to us, a new piece of necromantic natural history.

"After my guests had exhausted their store of anecdotes, which were not precisely of a kind to entertain you with, they resorted to all sorts of practical jokes and 'tours de force.' One of these was quite new to me. It is an experiment which anybody may try, and it struck me as curious enough. The wildest and fiercest gamecock may be rendered motionless, and compelled to lie in deathlike stillness as long as you please, by simply laying him on a table, with his beak close to a white line drawn across it. Nothing is necessary but first to draw this line with chalk, then to take the cock in your hands and lay him on the table with his beak turned towards it. You press him down, and there he will lie as if bound by some spell; his beak stretched out, and his eyes immovably fixed on the white line, till you take him away. The experiment must be tried by candle-light."

At page 84 we are informed that the lord lieutenant of Ireland possesses the power of creating *baronets*; a mistake which a stranger could only fall into by night. A little farther on we are amused with anecdotes of Lady Clarke and her daughters; some of which, p. 112, as well as the strange news communicated in a letter to a lady about emptying the cess-pools at Paris, p. 296, had better have been omitted. They smack of foreign manners, and rather shock our barbarian delicacies. Mrs. Austen, said to be the translator of the book, should have used her discretion upon them.—But to characteristics! The prince has a droll way of inducing himself to behave properly.

"The truth is," (as he says), "there are few men who are not sometimes capricious, and yet oftener vacillating. Finding that I am not better than others in this respect, I invented a remedy of my own, a sort of *artificial resolution* respecting things which are difficult of performance,—a means of securing that firmness in myself which I might otherwise want, and which man is generally obliged to sustain by some external prop. My device then is this: I give my word of honour most solemnly to myself to do, or to leave undone, this or that. I am of course extremely cautious and discreet in the use of this expedient, and exer-

cise great deliberation before I resolve upon it; but when once it is done, even if I afterwards think I have been precipitate or mistaken, I hold it to be perfectly irrevocable, whatever inconveniences I foresee likely to result. And I feel great satisfaction and tranquillity in being subject to such an immutable law. If I were capable of breaking it after such mature consideration, I should lose all respect for myself;—and what man of sense would not prefer death to such an alternative? for death is only a necessity of nature, and consequently not an evil;—it appears to us so only in connexion with our present existence; that is to say, the instinct of self-preservation recoils from death; but reason, which is eternal, sees it in its true form, as a mere transition from one state to another. But a conviction of one's own unconquerable weakness is a feeling which must embitter the whole of life. It is therefore better, if it comes to the struggle, to give up existence for the present with a feeling of inward triumph, than to crawl on with a chronic disease of the soul. I am not made dependent by my promise; on the contrary, it is just that which maintains my independence. So long as my persuasion is not firm and complete, the mysterious formula is not pronounced; but when once that has taken place, no alteration in my own views—nothing short of physical impossibility—must, for the welfare of my soul, alter my will. But whilst I thus form to myself a firm support in the most extreme cases, do you not see that I also possess a formidable weapon of attack, if I were compelled to use it, however small and inconsiderable the means may appear to many? I, on the contrary, find something very satisfactory in the thought, that man has the power of framing such props and such weapons out of the most trivial materials, indeed out of nothing, merely by the force of his will, which hereby truly deserves the name of omnipotent. I cannot answer for it that this reasoning will not appear to you, dear Julia, distorted and blameworthy: indeed it is not made for a woman; while, on the other hand, a completely powerful mind would perhaps as little stand in need of it. Every man must, however, manage himself according to his own nature; and as no one has yet found the art of making a reed grow like an oak, or a cabbage like a pine-apple, so must men, as the common but wise proverb has it, cut their coat according to their cloth. Happy is he who does not trust himself beyond his strength! But without being so tragical about the matter, this *grand expedient* is of admirable use in trifles. For example, to fulfil tedious, irksome duties of society with the resignation of a calm victim,—to conquer indolence, so as to get vigorously through some long-deferred work,—to impose upon one's self some wholesome restraint, and thus heighten one's enjoyment afterwards,—and many, many more such cases, which this occasionally sublime, but generally childish, life presents."

We do not much relish this strained philosophy; but we will quote a striking sentence, in which, after describing a young man of large fortune starting to enjoy life, the author finely remarks: "While talking with him, I thought, reflecting upon the difference between us, '*Voilà le commencement et la fin!*'" One whom the world sends forth, and says, 'Partake of me;' and the other whom she calls home, and says, 'Digest me.'

Of Miss O'Neil from Lady Morgan: "Lady M.—afterwards related to me many interesting circumstances respecting the celebrated Miss O'Neil, whom, as you know, I regard as the

greatest dramatic artist it has ever fallen to my lot to admire. She said that this extraordinary young woman, who from the very commencement of her career had given evidence of the highest genius, remained utterly neglected at the theatre in Dublin, where she performed for some years. She was at that time so poor, that when she returned home at night after the greatest exertions, she found no other refreshment than a plate of potatoes and a miserable bed which she shared with three sisters. Lady M.—once visited her, and found the poor girl mending her two pair of old stockings, which she was obliged to wash daily for her appearance on the stage. Lady M.—now procured for her various articles of dress, and took upon herself in some degree the care of her toilet, which had been extremely neglected. She obtained more applause after this, though still but little. At this time one of the managers of the London theatres accidentally came to Dublin, saw her, and had the good taste and judgment immediately to engage her for the metropolis. Here she at once produced the most extraordinary sensation; and from a poor unknown young actress, rose in one moment to be the first star of the theatrical firmament of England."

Returning to England, the prince wanders to and fro; and as his course is erratic, so shall our few remaining extracts be miscellaneous.

Of Mr. Beckford.—"I must send you another anecdote or two of this extraordinary man. When he was living at Fonthill, a neighbouring lord was tormented by such an intense curiosity to see the place, that he caused a high ladder to be set against the wall, and climbed over by night. He was soon discovered, and taken before Mr. Beckford; who, on hearing his name, contrary to his expectations, received him very courteously, conducted him all over his house and grounds in the morning, and entertained him in a princely manner; after which he retired, taking the most polite leave of his lordship. The latter, delighted at the successful issue of his enterprise, was hastening home, but found all the gates locked, and no one there to open them. He returned to the house to beg assistance; but was told that Mr. Beckford desired that he would return as he had come,—that he would find the ladder standing where he had left it. His lordship replied with great asperity, but it was of no use; he must e'en return to the place of his clandestine entrance, and climb the ladder. Cured for ever of his curiosity, and venting curses on the spiteful misanthrope, he quitted the forbidden paradise. After Fonthill was sold, Mr. Beckford lived for a while in great seclusion in one of the suburbs of London. In the immediate neighbourhood was a nursery garden, extremely celebrated for the beauty and rarity of its flowers. He walked in it daily, and paid fifty guineas a-week to the owner of it for permission to gather whatever flowers he liked."

Of Buonaparte, &c.—"Napoleon was brought up a bigot; and although too acute to remain so, or indeed, perhaps, ever to have been so sincerely, habit—which exercises so strong an influence over us all—rendered it impossible for him ever to divest himself entirely of first impressions. When any thing suddenly struck him, he sometimes involuntarily made the sign of the cross,—a gesture which appeared most extraordinary to the sceptical children of the revolution."

"When Lucien went to Spain as ambassador from the republic, the general, my informant, accompanied him as secretary of legation. Lu-

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cion's predecessor had 'affiché' all the coarseness of republican manners, to the infinite scandal of the most formal and stately court in the world; and the Spaniards dreaded still greater rudeness and arrogance from the brother of the first consul. Lucien, however, had the good taste to take the completely opposite course; appeared at court in shoes and bagwig, and fulfilled all the duties of ceremony and etiquette with such punctuality that the whole court was in a perfect ecstasy of delight and gratitude. Lucien was not only extremely popular, but the perfect idol of the whole royal family. He returned their friendship, the general affirmed, sincerely, and often earnestly warned the king against the Prince of the Peace, as well as against the insatiable ambition of his own brother, of whom he spoke on every occasion without the slightest reserve. The confidence, however, of the old king in his 'grand ami,' as he called Napoleon, remained unshaken to the last. Before his departure, Lucien crowned his popularity by a magnificent fête, the like of which had never been seen in Spain, and which cost nearly four hundred thousand francs. The highest persons about the court, a number of grandees, and the whole royal family, honoured it with their presence; and the latter seemed not to know how sufficiently to express their attachment to the ambassador. A few days afterwards, all the members of the legation received splendid presents: the ambassador alone was omitted; and republican familiarity permitted many jokes upon him in the palace of the embassy. Meanwhile the audience of leave was over, Lucien's departure fixed for the following day, and all hopes of the expected present at an end, when an officer of the Walloon guard came with an escort to the hotel, bringing a large picture in a packing-case, as a present from the king to Napoleon. When Lucien was informed of this, he said, it was doubtless Titian's Venus, which he had often admired in the king's presence, and which was certainly a very valuable picture, but that the carriage of it was inconvenient to him, and he must confess, he had rather the king had not sent it. However, the officer was most politely thanked, and dismissed; and Lucien, taking out a valuable shirt-pin from his breast, begged him to accept it. The ambassador now ordered the case to be unpacked, the picture taken out of its frame, which could be left behind, and rolled so that it could be carried on the imperial of a carriage. The secretary did as he desired:—scarcely was the wrapping-cloth raised, when, instead of the admired Venus, a face any thing but beautiful—that of the king himself—smiled upon him. He was just flying off in mischievous delight to inform the ambassador of the comical mistake, when on entirely removing the cloth, a yet greater surprise detained him;—the whole picture was set round like a miniature with large diamonds, which Lucien afterwards sold in Paris for four millions of francs. This was truly a royal surprise, and the ambassador speedily recalled his order for leaving the frame."

We now take our leave of a very ultra, very extravagant, and very amusing work.

The Usurer's Daughter. 3 vols. Simpkin and Marshall.

THERE are many very unreasonable things; and among them is, sending three volumes on Thursday, and expecting these said tomes to be read, reviewed, printed, and published, by magic we suppose, on Saturday morning. Now, our only spell is industry; and all that in-

dustry has enabled us to do is to have read the first volume, which strikes us as very clever, and more interesting than the author of Atherton's works have usually been. The story is here carried on with great spirit, and the Usurer is a very original and forcibly drawn character. We purpose returning to these pages with much pleasure. We believe the name of the writer is Scarlett, and that he is also the author of Blue-Stocking Hall, Truckleborough Hall, Rank and Talent, Tales of a Briefless Barrister, Atherton, &c. We may, however, be wrong in this list, as we confess our only guide has been the internal evidence of a family resemblance. To this we must add, that Mr. Scarlett's improvement has been very great since his first production.

The Dream of Eugene Aram, the Murderer.

By Thomas Hood, Esq. With Designs by W. Harvey. Engraved on wood by Branstons and Wright. Pp. 31. London, C. Tilt. WHEN this powerful and pathetic poem first appeared, as portion of an Annual, we took occasion to point out the great talent it displayed, and to notice how poorly they appreciated the genius of its writer, who, because he presided over the sphere of literary fun, pun, and humour, fancied that he was a mere punster and humorist. Here, and in many of his other productions, we have ample proofs of his ability in the higher range of the affections and passions; and much as we admire him in his own peculiar vein, we are always equally happy to meet him in these his more tender and touching moods. We have only farther to say, that the designs which embellish this publication are worthy of the poem.

Cavendish; or, the Patrician at Sea. 3 vols. London, 1832. Colburn and Bentley.

SAVE and except that literature is now a species of epidemic, to which all more or less fall victims, we can find no sufficient cause for the author of these volumes writing. His narrative is uninteresting, his characters unintelligible, and his various scenes deficient in that dramatic power which alone can give the reality of life to the work of fiction. He falls, too, into the common error of supposing that the absurd must be ludicrous: it is oftener dull. We also protest against dragging real personages upon the stage, with an eye to nothing but the advertisements, which will hereafter announce that the Duke of W. or of N., and lords this, that, and the other, figure in the pages. For example, what shadow of resemblance is there in the sketch meant for the Duke of Newcastle, dragged in quite *à propos des bottes*? The vituperations of the Duke of Wellington and the apostrophes to Napoleon may go together. There is little or no story, and we could very well have dispensed with the history of the hero's disgusting intrigues. But from all this censure we carefully except the admirable notes in the third volume; we cannot direct public attention too strongly towards them. We only add, that we infinitely prefer our author's truth to his fiction.

An Introduction to the Atomic Theory; comprising a Sketch of the Opinions entertained by the most distinguished ancient and modern Philosophers with respect to the Constitution of Matter. By Charles Daubeny, M.D. &c. London, 1831. J. Murray.

A POPULAR and historical view of a high branch of philosophy—one which tends more than any other to cement the moral with the

physical sciences, and point out the striking relations of the atomic theory with the constitution of matter, both as regards its finite divisibility and the definite proportions in which it enters into the constitution of various bodies in the organic and inorganic world, and in the application of which these laws are susceptible. The reader will be particularly struck with the essays on the definite proportions observed in the floral organs of plants, and in the orbits described by the planets. The whole subject has been treated in a manner suitable to the high character which Professor Daubeny enjoys among men of science.

Ancient History; exhibiting a Summary View of the Rise, Progress, Revolutions, Decline and Fall of the States and Nations of Antiquity. By G. Robinson, D.D. New edit. 8vo. pp. 600. London, 1831. Souter.

THIS work appears to be a very improved edition of a former school-book by the same author. The five maps, exhibiting the territories of the Greek and Roman empires, more particularly that of Albion, under the Roman dominion, cannot fail to prove acceptable to juvenile historians. The chief novelty of the volume, however, consists of a series of questions, at the end of each chapter, connected with the leading events previously recorded. This plan is, as we have always held, admirable for school tuition, as it teaches the pupil to reflect upon, as well as to read, the transactions of former ages, in order to furnish his mind with the answers required. We may, therefore, safely recommend this work as one of the most useful of its class.

Maugham's London Manual of Medical Chemistry, &c. &c. London, 1831. Whittaker and Co.

A THICK pocket volume, in which the Pharmacopœia is interlined with a literal translation; and an immense quantity of pharmaceutical, chemical, therapeutical, and botanical information is condensed, and made intelligible to students who may not have enjoyed the advantages of a thorough classical or medical education. A work of this kind cannot fail to be extensively useful.

A Dictionary of Quotations from various Authors in Ancient and Modern Languages, with English Translations, and illustrated by Remarks and Explanations. By Hugh Moore, Esq. pp. 507. London, 1831. Whittaker and Co.

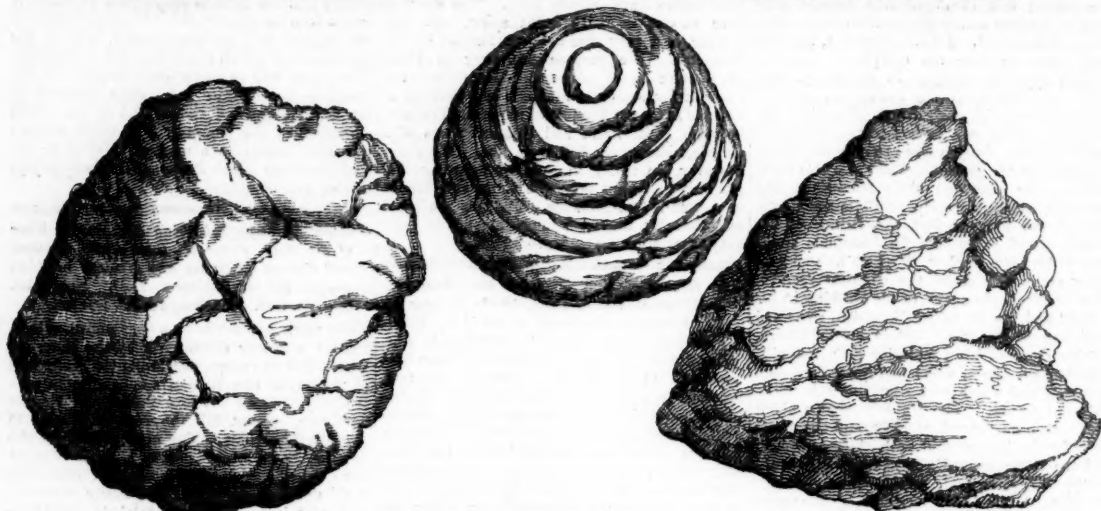
A VERY ample and well-constructed dictionary, by the aid of which any man may appear to be a learned clerk and deep scholar with wonderfully small trouble. The author has availed himself so largely of the preceding labours of Macdonell, that we should not be surprised if he heard of it legally: his own additions are, however, numerous; and an index is a manifest improvement.

The Algerines; or, the Twins of Naples. By William Child Green, author of "Alibeg the Tempter," and "the Abbot of Montserrat." 3 vols. London, 1832.

THERE is a considerable degree of invention in these volumes. An eastern and supernatural story is founded on a very original idea, and the consequences of its narration are amusing; while there are banditti, lovers, and moonlight, for juvenile readers.

ENORMOUS HAIL-STONES.

As promised in our last, the following are engravings of the general size and shape of hail-stones that fell at Buyukderé, at 7 o'clock in the morning of the 5th Oct. 1831. One was weighed, and found to be 110 drachms, nearly 1lb, and 14 inches in circumference. That resembling the layers of an onion is very remarkable.



ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE subjects which have already been forwarded to this Society are certainly more numerous than has been usual at the commencement of a session; at the same time, it must be confessed, that they have not promised to be so useful as others which have preceded.

On Wednesday evening, negative reports were received on abating nuisances in public streets; on church bells; on a saw-mill; on curing smoky chimneys; and on a method of rendering the names of streets more visible.

Mr. Ryder's apparatus to measure the draft of carriages was recommended, several members conceiving that the experiments which had been made had not been on a sufficiently enlarged plan, nor were they quite satisfactory.

A joint committee of Agriculture and Mechanics proceeded, on Tuesday afternoon, to the Apothecaries' Garden at Chelsea, to view an apparatus constructed by Mr. Anderson (a botanist well known in that quarter), for warming greenhouses, &c. by hot water. The application of that element, when heated, it is well known, is not new for the purpose of warming greenhouses and other buildings: still, the committee considered the plan so cheap and effectual, that they recommended, in their report, that the thanks of the Society should be transmitted to Mr. A. for his communication; and that it should be referred to the committee of Correspondence and Papers to select such parts of it for publication as appeared original.

A report, on a machine for dressing warps, which had been negative last session, but which had been since recommitted, was read to the Society, bearing the former decision, which was confirmed.

The Society have done well in the purchase of Barry's Etchings, accompanied by letter-press descriptive of those beautiful and highly finished paintings which ornament the walls of their great room. The collection, some years since, was published at six guineas; the Society are now enabled to dispose of them at just half that price, and they are in an excellent state of

preservation. In addition to the series of paintings, the book contains impressions from strips of copper (as that ingenious and extraordinary artist described them), representing sketches intended to have been painted as two grand centres over the chimneys in the great room; one, representing the king (George III.) in 1761, recommending to both houses of parliament a bill for the independence of the judges; and the other, the queen (Charlotte), at Windsor, superintending a scene of domestic education: also, a testimony of veneration for the integrity and transcendent abilities of the late Charles James Fox; Barry's *Leam*, which, for boldness of design and mastery of execution, perhaps, was never surpassed in that branch of the art; and his Pandora, etched by the late Lewis Schiavonetti, from a drawing in possession of Mr. Solly.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the committee of science, Tuesday, Nov. 1. — W. Yarrell, Esq. in the chair, — a variety of specimens of fish, many of them unknown to science, which were collected by Captain Belcher, R.N., were on the table; and the attention of the members was directed to them by Mr. Bennett. Mr. Ogilby made some observations on several skins lately received, particularly one of a variety of kangaroo, which appeared to be new. Also one of a new variety of ornithorhynchus, remarkable from the bill being broad and short as compared with the varieties already known, and which he proposed to call the ornithorhynchus brevirostris. Letters were read by the secretary from Drummond Hay, Esq. H. M. consul at Tangier; Sir Robert Ker Porter, dated Caracac; and Captain Farrar, dated Portpatrick. Captain Farrar referred to some peculiarities in the emigration of birds between Portpatrick and the opposite coast of England. Sir R. K. Porter stated the continuance of his labours in obtaining specimens for the Society. Drummond Hay, Esq., who has always been a most persevering friend to it, announced the transmission of a pair of ichneumons (very fine specimens); also a pair of striped Barbary mice:

all of which have arrived safe, and 'are deposited in the menagerie. He mentioned also the shipment of four young ostriches; a present from the Sultan of Morocco to his Majesty, and which are safely arrived in the gardens of the Society. He further stated that, in conjunction with — Wiltshire, Esq., H. M. consul at Mogadore, he hoped to become possessed of an animal found in the desert, of the name of *mohr*, probably a new species of antelope, and which will be a valuable accession to our natural history.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 16th. — R. I. Murchison, Esq., president, in the chair. — Fellows were elected. A paper by Mr. Dunn was first read, on a gigantic species of pleiosaurus found in the lias shale of Whitby, and now in the Scarborough museum. A letter was then read from Count Montlosier, addressed to the president and fellows, on the modern and ancient states of Mount Vesuvius, and on the origin of the crater-lakes of the Eifel and of Auvergne.

Among the presents laid upon the table was a donation from Miss Gurney, of North Repps Cottage, to the president, and from him to the Society, of various bones of the fossil elephant found on the coast of Norfolk between Cromer and Happisburgh, some of which were of gigantic size. Among the additions to the library were three productions from the pen of M. Necker (de Saussure), who was present, and Baron Humboldt's new work, *Fragmens de Géologie et Climatologie Asiatique*.

PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Ox Monday, Dr. Elliotson, the president, in the chair, a paper was read by him on the objections urged by Mr. Godwin, in his late work, entitled, *Thoughts on Man*; in which it was contended that these "Thoughts" were, what the author acknowledged them to be, "loose and undigested." The first four Nos. of Dr. Vimont's stupendous work on Comparative Anatomy, were on the table; which, when completed, will contain the result of the examination of 2,500 heads of animals; of

which the habits of 1,500 have been under his personal observation. Dr. Elliotson announced the formation of a Phrenological Society in Paris, many of whose members are well known to the scientific world, such as Broussais, Cloquet, Royer, David the sculptor, Rostan, Fovelle, &c. besides many deputies.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 17th.—J. W. Lubbock, Esq. in the chair. Two papers were read, the first on the theory of the moon, by Mr. Lubbock; and the second, illustrated by beautiful drawings by Perry, on the placentas, by Dr. R. Lee. A list of valuable donations to the Society, from the King of Holland, Prof. Muncke of Heidelberg, and others, was read, and a copy of the forthcoming part of the Society's Philosophical Transactions was submitted to the inspection of the fellows. Mr. G. Davies and Mr. Wilkins were admitted into the Society; and notice was given from the chair that, by the new statutes of the Society, the ballots for election would take place only on the first meeting of every second month of the session. Professor Farmer, of Harvard University, in America, and other distinguished visitors, were allowed to be present at the meeting.

Nov. 24th. The introductory portion of a valuable paper, by Mr. Faraday, on the connexion of electricity and magnetism, was read. It treated chiefly on Berzelius' theory of magnetism. When the reading of the paper shall have been concluded, it may be noticed more at length. There were also read, an elaborate paper, by Professor Airy, on an inequality of long period in the motions of the Earth and Venus; and a brief communication, by Sir Everard Home, on mammalia. M. Bozé, of Montpellier, presented a copy of his prize essay on the Creation, written as a competitor for the Bridgewater Legacy.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

[We have much pleasure in fulfilling the expectation expressed in our former report of the proceedings of the Society, by inserting a portion of the *Odyssey* which Mr. Sothey, at the request of the Council, read to the meeting.]

The Conclusion of the Nectomanteia. Odyssey, Book XI.

JUDGE of the dead, stern Minos, first appear'd,
Who, mid them throned, a golden sceptre rear'd:
Somewhat, some stood, and, pleading each his cause,
Heard in vast Hades' dome th' eternal laws.

Then huge Orion in full course I traced,
Who the wild beasts along the meadow chased,
Those whom his mace had on the mountains quell'd,

And still his shade that mace all brazen held.
I Tityus saw, the son of earth, who spread
His length, nine acres, o'er his shadowy bed:
A culture on each side his liver tore,
His entrails pierced, and bathed his neck in gore.

Vain his tired arms were stretched to force
Th' insatiate beak that gorged the living prey.
Mad wretch! who fain, in Panopea's grove,
Had forced Latona, the beloved of Jove.

There Tantalus I saw, who lonely stood
Where to his chin uprose the tempting food:
But when, inflamed with thirst, he bow'd to slake
His parch'd lip quivering o'er the treacherous
So oft the water sank, and dark the sod
Beneath his foot drain'd by th' avenging god.
Trees of luxuriant growth bow'd o'er his head,
Their fruits, the apple, pear, pomegranate spread,

Figs, and vivacious olives; but in vain
He darted forth his hand the fruit to gain:
Swift from his grasp, by whirlwinds darkly driven,

They cross'd in fitful gusts the clouds of heaven.
Mid bitterest toils on Sisyphus I gazed,
Who with both arms a stone's vast weight up-
raised;

Then, prone on hands and feet, sore straining
Up a hill's height the obdurate mass to move;
But when just reached its summit, back again
Suddenly bounding downward to the plain,
Rapidly revolant, rush'd the rock amain.
Again he straining strove, while seen to flow
Hot sweat-drops bathed his limbs, and reek'd
around his brow.

Then the vast strength Herculean I survey'd,
Yet but a semblance, an unreal shade,
The while he revelled banqueting above
With Hebe sprung from Juno and from Jove.
Round him the clamour of the dead was heard,
As clangs in swarms the migratory bird.
He, dark as night, strain'd on his bow the string,
And fitting for its flight the arrowy wing,
Keen gazed in act to loose it: round his breast
Rung a dread baldrick with gold forms imprest,
Huge bears, fierce lions, and the mountain boar,
Wars, battles, slaughters, murders grimed with
gore.

He who had there work'd out his wondrous
Had ne'er before or since such marvels wrought.
On me the hero fix'd his searching view,
And thus address'd me as my form he knew:
"Ulysses, thou, thy destined toils undone,
Endur'at what I endured beneath the sun.
I, to the yoke of an inferior chain'd,
I, born of Jove, his slavish tasks sustain'd.
He sent me here to seize hell's guardian hound,
The direst toil that all my labours crown'd.
I dragged him forth from Hades' howling shade,
By Hermes and Minerva's heavenly aid."

He spake, then sank in Hades' gloom his way,
The while I linger'd, and there fix'd my stay,
The spirits of the heroes to behold,
Shades of the mighty men who died of old:
And I had seen, and there had proudly trod
Pirithous, Theseus, each a son of god,
But swarms of spirits rush'd shrill-shrieking
round,

And fear o'erpower'd me at th' unearthly sound,
Lest the horrific fiend's Gorgonian head
Should tower above the shadows of the dead,
Sent by dire Proserpine. I swift withdrew,
And reach'd my ship, and urged on board my
crew.

They swift obey'd, and loosed the ship from
And bending o'er their seats, with sweep of oar
Proth'd the blue ocean, or with spread of sail
Flew with unlabour'd speed before the gale.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

An English Girl. Painted by G. S. Newton,
A.R.A.; engraved by G. T. Doo. Moon,
Boys, and Graves.

FROM the unaffected beauty of the subject, we conjecture that the above must be the title of the charming plate, of which a proof lies before us, without the letters;—a deficiency that is not otherwise supplied. But, whatever may be its name, it does the highest credit both to the painter and to the engraver. The character is deliciously simple, feminine, and chaste: and the arrangement of the figure and drapery is replete with Mr. Newton's peculiar and piquant taste; while in force, variety, and, above all, in breadth, it at least rivals any of Mr. Doo's former masterly works.

A Concise Summary of a Series of Notes and Observations, practical and theoretical, on the Art of Landscape Painting in Water-colours, adapted to the Practice of young Amateurs. Houghton and Co.

WE have read this little treatise with great pleasure. It contains much information that will be very valuable to the student in the particular branch of the fine arts to which it relates; and there is no passage in the whole work of which we more cordially approve than the warning against "the delusion of hoping to succeed by means of those too common devices of idleness, ignorance, or caprice, which constitute the imaginary *short roads* to knowledge and skill; traced out with mechanical exactitude, and paved with nostrums and recipes."

Composition. Painted by the late Sir G. Beaumont. Drawn on stone by H. W. Burgess. Dickinson.

THIS is admirable as a Composition, and as a specimen of lithography hardly to be surpassed for its bold, free, and masterly execution.

A New Drawing Annual: the National Drawing Book. By G. W. Davis. London, Carvalho.

SETTING out on the true principle of tuition in the arts, by the simple lines, we find this a very well-conceived and well-designed drawing-book. In the landscape department it is particularly praiseworthy; but, indeed, the whole is good; and a better production of the kind need not be put into the hands of the youthful student.

Talleyrand.—A very striking, though whimsical caricature, likeness of this distinguished politician has just appeared at Mrs. Humphrey's window in St. James's Street, as "a diplomatist after his 51st protocol." It is long since we have seen so laughable a whole-length, or so humorous a portrait.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BROKEN VOWS.

"Do not vow: our love is as frail as our life, and full as little in our power; and are you sure you shall outlive this day?"—Sir G. Etherege's *Man of Mode*, Act II. Scene I.

COME, wreath me a mighty bowl to-night,
And twine it round with fading flowers,
And leaves that droop beneath the blight
That sometimes sweeps Love's sunniest bowers;
And you who long have ceased to smile,
Bring tears to grace our sad uprouse,
And let them flow the frater, while
I brim the bowl to broken vows.

I drink not to the laughing eyes
That seem in floods of joy to move,—
I fill the bowl to fruitless sighs,
To broken hearts and hopeless love:
Not to the rich and careless curls
That, waving, play on youthful brows;—
I drink to tears that rival pearls,
I brim the bowl to broken vows.

I drink not to the minstrel's song—
The whispered tale—the heart's own laugh;
But deep I pledge the wretch who long
Has learned from sorrow's cup to quaff.
I drain no bowls to revelry,
To midnight feast or mad carouse;
But deep I drink to misery,—
I brim the bowl to broken vows.

Let happiness toast joy alone,
And courage too pledge high the brave,
We drink to hearts that, like our own,
Are one and all a living grave

Of perjured vows, and broken plight;—

But, tush!—the pledge that grief allows,

We'll drink at least once more to night—

Come, brim the bowl to broken vows.

Goldbro' Hall.

ZARAPH.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

[We subjoin a letter, which will, we think, be read with great and general interest, giving an account of this appalling disease from actual observation. It is written by a most intelligent young medical friend of ours; whose zeal in his profession has induced him to visit Sunderland, for the sake of studying the disorder there.—Ed. L. G.]

Sunderland, Nov. 23, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hasten to allay the anxiety which, in common with others, you feel on the progress of the "Cholera" in this town, and to convey to you what information I have been enabled to obtain since the short period of my arrival. There is not, I can assure you, that dread of the disease in Sunderland and its neighbourhood, which is to be found in the metropolis and many parts of the country. I slept, the night previous to my arrival, at a gentleman's house a short distance from Sunderland, where one of the family, who is a medical man, returns in the evening after visiting cholera patients, and there is not the least distrust of his bringing infection. In the town itself, except from the occasional grouping of medical men, nothing would indicate the existence of a malignant malady; artisans pursue their daily avocations, each moves unconcernedly in his own direction, and the shops are crowded with the usual number of customers. But if we leave the principal street, and penetrate the long alleys or by-streets, which resemble the "clooses" of Edinburgh in their narrowness and filth (exceeding them perhaps in the latter), and containing houses which are thickly peopled—the scene changes, and the arrival of two or three medical men is like that of an equipage in some remote village, which every one turns out to see. This morning, in company with two medical gentlemen of the town, I visited one of these narrow streets, the receptacles of filth, poverty, and a wretched population; and I can say, without exaggeration, that we were, in our course, called into every fourth house; we went up one side of the street, and came down the other: out of these there were not more than three or four cases of malignant cholera, and two of these alone will probably be fatal: they are aged persons; and the symptoms of the blue or Asiatic cholera are extremely well marked. The first case which I saw on Tuesday the 22d, the evening of my arrival, was one well adapted to impress a person, newly acquainted with the disease, with an idea of its formidable and painful characters. A few boys and other persons had collected at the door of a respectable haberdasher, in the principal street of the town. I was proceeding to see cases in the eastern part of the parish of Sunderland, and finding, on inquiry, that the master of the shop (Mr. Bulman) had been taken ill, I entered the house. The patient was a strong, muscular man, fifty-four years of age, and, I believe, addicted to spirituous liquors. He had complained in the evening of pain in the bowels, and of an uneasy feeling. He had left his shop to join some friends at a public house, where he took a glass of brandy and water, and a considerable quantity of laudanum. He had been soon after seized with vomiting and purging, and the landlord had brought him home in this condition. It was now eight o'clock (Tuesday, Nov. 22d). He was undressing to go to bed, his sickness and purging

had left him, and he attempted to bear up against an inward anxiety, that was already well expressed in his countenance. Dr. Ogden, who was with me at the time, bled him in the arm, upon his being put to bed, and obtained about eight ounces of blood. Mr. Torbock, who came in shortly afterwards, opened another vein, and obtained a nearly similar quantity. The blood had no buffy coat, the serum scarcely separated, and its hue was unnaturally dark. Owing to the restlessness of the patient, the wounds continued open to the last; and Mr. Torbock informs me he bled when no pulse was perceptible. The spasms came on very violently, and he threw himself so often from side to side, that it was almost impossible to keep the bags of hot sand to his feet. Mr. T. exhibited oxygen gas, and the effect was for the time decidedly beneficial; his countenance, already becoming blue, vivified, and the circulation was temporarily restored. During the night the gas was twice exhibited again, but the relief appears only to have been temporary. He constantly expressed himself desirous of going to stool, but always uselessly; the vomiting and purging had entirely left him. Sedatives being hardly indicated in this case, six drams of spirits of turpentine were given, and doses of rhubarb and brandy; also an enema of turpentine and starch. Subsequently, a bolus was exhibited of calomel and rhubarb with oil of cassia. At half-past ten o'clock he was seen by Drs. Daun, Gibson, and Barry. Dr. Barry ordered turpentine to be given, in doses of two drams, as long as the pulse continued to sink; and Dr. Gibson ordered a dram of nitric acid in a pound of water for drink. The symptoms, however, continued the same, only that the cramp had disappeared after the exhibition of the first remedies, and at six o'clock the patient sunk under the malady. This is a case in the middle classes of life, where there was every convenience and comfort immediately afforded, and yet where the symptoms and progress of the disorder were of the most malignant kind. I will not trouble you with a detail of further cases. I am busily collecting them without any prejudices to bias my researches, with a view to ascertain the contagious or non-contagious nature of this disease in our country, and, if possible, of the causes which may really prove predisposing. For the present I abstain from mentioning names; but I have met with the kindest treatment from the medical men of Sunderland, and all that I have become acquainted with have done every thing in their power to furnish me with immediate information on the occurrence of new cases. The universal fear of the effects upon the commerce of the town, which would be produced by a knowledge of the spreading and increase of the disease, not only paralyses the labours of the medical commission sent here by government, but are productive of the very worst consequences to the afflicted. It is impossible, in the multiplicity of cases which occur, and with the poverty of the patients to combat against, that they can obtain the care and attention which alone might render recovery possible. There are only two cases at the lazaretto (a clean, admirably ventilated house, newly whitewashed, and fitted up with every comfort for cholera patients)—for no one will go there—they term it the "blood house." This morning a chair was sent for an old man (who, long ere you receive this, will be no more), and he refused; though, when I saw him, he was lying on the floor, with a mattress and a single blanket. The two cases in the lazaretto, the girls Nicolson, are the last of a

family of five. It is not certain if the child of one of these did not catch the disorder from its mother's breast. There is to be a meeting of medical men to-night, which I shall attend. You will see that Dr. Daun has omitted the list of diarrhoea cases. The town is now divided into districts, and each is superintended by a medical man, who is to give in a report on the number of cases which occur in his charge of common and malignant cholera, with other details. This is a most admirable arrangement; and if medical men will, as in honour bound to do, send in exact reports, the tabular views of the progress and distribution of the disease, which will be thus presented, will be of material assistance in the adoption of any decisive opinions on the characters of the pestilence. It would hardly be believed, that it was reported throughout the town this morning that Mr. Bulman died of apoplexy! The insertion of deaths under the head of common cholera is, even according to the medical men here, an absurdity, for it does not occur with such violence (if at all) at this period of the year. The whole amount of deaths is said not to exceed sixty; and it is to be hoped, by the history of the duration of the malady in different places on the continent, that it has reached its acme, and that it will now diminish in intensity.—I remain, &c.

W. AINSWORTH.

DRAMA.

At Drury Lane, *Massaniello* has been produced with a strong cast: at Covent Garden, *Power* is getting quite at home in the *Ambassador*, and is lauded accordingly.

THE ADELPHI.

A PIECE called the *Wept of the Wish-ton-wish* was produced at this theatre on Monday, for the purpose of introducing Mlle. Celeste to an Adelphi audience. Bayne, Downe, Hemming, Reeve, Miss Daly, &c. &c. have trivial parts. The interest of the piece turns entirely on the love of the "White Skin," *Hope Gough*, Celeste, for the Indian chief, O. Smith, who has carried her off ten years before from the *Wish-ton-wish*. Celeste is a fine-looking creature, with magnificent eyes and teeth. Her acting was very effective throughout, but especially in the parts with O. Smith, and in an Indian dance. She seems wonderfully strong for so slight a figure. We do not remember to have seen a finer piece of acting (in dumb show) than the deaths of the Chief and Hope in the last scene. The author, Mr. Barnard, complains that his drama has suffered much in effect and intelligibility by being cut down from a full piece to an interlude.

OLYMPIC.

On Monday an entertaining *bagatelle*, the *Widow*, was played at this theatre. Vestris, as the *Widow*, is as blooming and gay as ever, and with her snatches of ballads, quite enchanting. Liston, as *Augustus Gallopade*, was in famous spirits, and danced about like a satyr; whilst Vining was as like a rhapsodising poet as could be wished.

SINCE our last, we had the pleasure to hear a private rehearsal of Miss Shireff, and, unwilling to risk so promising a *débutante* by exciting too high expectations, we may express the delight we received from her exertions, and the high hopes we entertain of her success. Her voice is splendid and flexible; she is a charming and unaffected creature; and seems to us to need nothing but encouragement to render her

one of the sweetest as well as most brilliant ornaments of our native school.

VARIETIES.

Phrenology.—We observe, by a copy of the last Phrenological Journal from Edinburgh, that the editor has published his complaints against the *Times* newspaper and *Literary Gazette*, for their reprobation of the inhuman cruelty displayed in experiments on animals. The editor farther affords proof of his possessing the organs of forgetfulness and omission—for he has not said a word of the explanation of the *Literary Gazette*, which so entirely justified its remarks.

The Green Park.—A great improvement is about to be made in the Hyde Park Corner entrance to the Green Park, under the direction of Mr. Decimus Burton. That gentleman (whose talent is so conspicuous in many of our public places) has, we are informed, received his majesty's commands to turn the line of Constitution Hill road (no politics!), so as to run through the noble arch he has erected there, which will thus be converted into a public entrance of the Green Park for carriages having the *entrée* and equestrians. Pedestrians will have the option of passing it on the east side. The king thus liberally gives to the public a portion of the north-west corner of Buckingham Palace gardens, for the purpose of affording an easy and handsome sweep for the road.

The Garrick Club.—We had intended to notice the progress made towards the opening of this club with *éclat*, at the beginning of the year; and also to insert some correspondence on the sin of punning, with miserable examples of the sinners: but our space has been claimed by other matters, and we must throw ourselves on the danger of delay.

London Bridge.—We have to wait a week in order to lay before our readers some essential details respecting new London bridge, and the probable effect of the removal of the old one. In the mean time we have to state, that the rumours respecting the insecurity of the former are gross exaggerations: the latter is now being rapidly removed.

Fall in the Thermometer.—The French papers mention an extraordinary fall observed in the thermometer at Marseilles on the 3d and 4th inst.; viz. from 19° to 4° Reaumur, or from 74° 45 to 41° of Fahrenheit.

Burking Extraordinary!—What will the Lords do? An awful discovery has been made. It seems that two noted men, calling themselves Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley, have been taken up through making strenuous exertions this season to Burke the whole of the peerage. They have got their arms down, and shortly will begin pressing them; but not before a great impression has been made will they be bound over to a peer at the next session. They are well-known resurrectionists, and have lately carried on their trade to a frightful extent, by raising the whole of the extinct Peerage, which a witness is prepared to prove on oath, for he saw them all lying about wrapped up in sheets. [As this seems to be an ingenious puff, we reward it by insertion.—Ed. L. G.]

French Ingenuity.—Our neighbours of Paris have more whim than we have, especially in the way of novel nomenclature. Some one has lately started a superior sort of cabriolet, and, by way of marking its distinction over the cabri-au-lait already on the pavé, he has called it the cabri-au-crème.

Growing Potatoes in a Cellar.—A German paper has published the following account, com-

municated by the person who made the experiment:—"I covered a corner of my cellar with a bed an inch thick, of two-thirds of river sand and one-third of common mould. In the month of April I put into it thirty-two yellow potatoes, the peel of which was very thin, and placed them on the surface, without covering them either with mould or sand. They produced an abundant crop; for at the end of the ensuing November I gathered above one-fourth of a bushel of the best potatoes, the tenth part of which were as big as an apple, and the rest as a walnut or a large cherry. The peel was very thin, the pulp white and mealy, and the taste exceedingly pleasant to the palate. During the six months these potatoes lay under ground, I used no culture whatever, and yet they grew without the influence of the sun or the heat of the day. This essay might be put into practice with advantage in fortresses, in houses of correction, and indeed in every dry cellar of large cities, where it is of great importance to have a wholesome and abundant food for a large population."

A man who had not money enough, and a man who had too much, laid a singular wager the other day at Paris. The poorer one bet the richer that he would sit upon the parapet of the *pont aux choux* from seven in the morning until five in the evening, for one month, and that he would make all kinds of grimaces the whole of the time. He has already been at his post a fortnight; but he is obliged to have a friend by his side to inform those that pass by, that he is not making faces at them, but that he is doing it for a wager. Hour after hour this friend is occupied in giving the public this piece of information; and people as they pass say to one another, "Never mind that fellow; he is not making faces at us." By this wager the *grimacier* will realise twenty francs a day.

A bridegroom in Pomerania, sitting at table with his bride, on seeing her eating with delight the toast which was under some woodcocks, exclaimed, "How I should like to be a woodcock, and then render you so happy!" This is a German feeling.

On a placard affixed near the menagerie of the king's garden at Paris, are these words. "For the preservation of the animals, people are forbidden to give them any thing to eat."—*Paris in London.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XLVII. Nov. 29.]

Mr. T. Hood, we perceive, on the back of his Eugene Aram announces a companion to his Epping Hunt, in a piece on "Epsom Races," with which he intends to make a great stand, and give several plates for all ages. Though people must, therefore, ask for Hood's Epsom, we are inclined to think it will rather be a pill to purge melancholy, than physic for the public.

The Testimony of History to the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity, by the Rev. George Stanley Faber, B.D. Travels in the North of Europe in 1830, 31, by Mr. Elliott, with detailed descriptions of the wild and picturesque scenery, and personal adventures in spots far removed from civilised society, is, we hear, almost ready.

A small volume on the Phenomena of Dreams, and other Transient Illusions, by W. C. Dendy.

The interesting Journal of the Brothers Lander will, we learn, appear very early in the new year.

The Hive, a Collection of the best Modern Poems, chiefly by Living Authors, for the use of Young Persons. Also, a work for Children, entitled Stories from Natural History.

The Modern Sabbath Examined. Sermons preached before the University of Oxford, by the Rev. Dr. Burton, Regius Professor of Divinity.

The First Volume of the Imperial Magazine, Second Series, embellished with Plates and numerous Woodcuts. A Second Series of American Stories for Children, selected by Miss Mitford.

Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book, containing highly finished Plates, after Drawings by Sir Thomas Lawrence, Front, Stanfield, Copley Fielding, Catmole, &c.; with Poetical Illustrations by L. E. L.

Sir Walter Scott's new work, Count Robert of Paris, and Castle Dangerous, is expected in the middle of next week.

Baines's History of Lancashire, in various sizes. Brockden Brown's story of Edgar Hunter, or the Sleep-Walker, and the conclusion of Schiller's Ghost-Seer, are announced as the next volume of the Standard Novels. The celebrated Canterbury Tales are to follow in an early volume.

A second edition of Europe in 1830-1, or the Romance of Present Times; a series of Tales, comprising the History of the late Revolutions, &c.

The Perfumer's Oracle, or Art of preparing Perfumes and Cosmetics.

A new volume of Sermons, by the Rev. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby.

Mr. James, who has written so ably on Chivalry, is about to publish a new work, to be entitled Memoirs of Great Commanders.

Mr. Berry and Son announce a monthly work, under the title of a Genealogical Peerage of England, Scotland, and Ireland; illustrated with engravings of Arms, &c.

The Life of Wycliffe, by the Rev. C. W. Le Bas, M.A.; being the first No. of the Theological Library.

Mr. Elmes, the Architect, proposes to publish a General History and Survey of the Parish of St. Bride, Fleet Street; and of the Ancient Royal Palace and Hospital of Bridewell, in the City of London.

The Domestic Chemist; comprising Instructions for the Detection of Adulterations and Poisons: Vol. II. of the Polytechnic Library.

Anecdotes of William Hogarth, written by Himself; with Essays on his Life and Genius, and Criticisms on his Works, selected from Walpole, Gilpin, Lamb, and others.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cyclopaedia, Vol. XXV. Military Commanders, by Glegg, fcp. 6s. bds.—Roby's Tradition of Lancashire, Second Series, 2 vols. 8vo. 2s. 2s. cloth.—India proofs, 3s. 3s.; India proofs and etchings, 4s. 4s. cloth.—Mental Recreation, or Select Maxims, fcp. Daubeny on the Atomic Theory, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Selections from Southey, 12mo. 4s. bds.—Bouchette's British Dominions in North America, 4to. 2 vols. 2s. 16s. bds.—Moral Tales, 18mo. 3s. hf.—Heeren's Historical Researches on the Ancient Nations of Africa, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s. cloth.—Counsels at Home, 18mo. 3s. hf.—Grandmamma's Rhymes for the Nursery, 18mo. 3s. hf.—Sermons, by the late Rev. Edward Payson, D.D. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s. bds.—The Catechism of Health, by Dr. Granville, F.R.S. 18mo. 5s. bds.—Hartley's Researches in Greece, crown 8vo. 6s. cloth.—Rev. B. Scott's Sermons, 8vo. 12s. bds.—The Nosegay, a Musical Annual for 1832, 10s. 6d. bds.—The Young Reviewers, by Esther Copley, 18mo. 1s. 6d. hf.—The Amaranth, 24mo. 2s. 6d. bds.; 3s. 6d. cloth.—Juvenile Cyclopaedia, Vol. IV. 18mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—The Jew, 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Isabella, 18mo. 2s. 6d. hf.—Gorton's Topographical Dictionary, Vol. II. 8vo. 4s. cloth lettered; coloured, 1l. 10s. cloth.—The Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. V. Early English Navigators, 8s. bds.—Prayers for Private Worship, selected by the Rev. S. F. L. Blosse, 24mo. 3s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

| November. | Thermometer. | Barometer. |
|----------------|-----------------|----------------|
| Thursday... 17 | From 22. to 35. | 29.51 to 29.58 |
| Friday... 18 | — 23. — 41. | 29.60 — 29.65 |
| Saturday... 19 | — 24. — 41. | 29.46 — 29.52 |
| Sunday... 20 | — 27. — 41. | 29.67 — 29.60 |
| Monday... 21 | — 31. — 57. | 29.58 — 29.74 |
| Tuesday... 22 | — 50. — 58. | 29.76 — 29.91 |
| Wednesday 23 | — 50. — 58. | 29.91 — 29.93 |

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing.

Except the 16th and 19th, generally cloudy, with frequent rain; a few small flakes of snow in the morning of the 20th.

Rain fallen, 9 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.

Longitude... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are so much in arrears with original poetry, that the lines of H. S. must waste their "sweetness" on the desert air.

Whenever we fall into an error, however unimportant, we are bound in candour to redress it. From the preface to the Bouquet, we were led to suppose that its share of originality referred to some portion of its literary contents; and to these, in our last week's notice, which has been arranged by the publishers, we alluded. The notices ought to have been expressly mentioned, as it is useless to know what has, or what has not, appeared in obscure or extinct magazines. Besides, the volume itself seemed so little worthy of attention, that we did not bestow upon it a very minute examination; and it is only the strict sense of justice, and love of perfect truth, which induces us to make even this slight allusion to it. Some of the engravings, it is stated, have not been published before: perhaps it may be so.

We have no fewer than four new Novels this week; and the interest we attach to one of them has caused us to defer several other Reviews, Continuations, Correspondence, &c.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

TO ARTISTS, ARCHITECTS, AND DRAFTSMEN.

The almost attention has been given to the Manufacture of Drawing Pencils in Cedar by S. Mordan and Co., who pledge themselves to supply nothing but pure Cumberland Lead; thereby removing those objections and annoyances so frequently complained of in Drawing Pencils. All who wish to be satisfied as to the genuineness of these Pencils, may see them manufactured at No. 39, Castle Street, Finsbury, which establishment now has the honour, exclusively, to supply all the Government Offices.

Sold retail by all respectable Stationers, &c. throughout the United Kingdom. S. Mordan and Co.'s name is on each Pencil.

A GENTLEMAN who is conversant with the Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, German, and Rensale Languages, is desirous of obtaining a Situation as Reader or Translator in any one of the Literary Establishments or principal Printing Offices in London.

For particulars apply to Mr. Byers, Bookseller, Devonport; or by letter addressed to Q. 2, No. 39, Paternoster Row, London.

SIR ASTLEY COOPER, Bart.—A Portrait and Authentic Memoir of this Individual will be given in the forthcoming No. of the National Portrait Gallery. The Portrait is engraved in the most finished style by J. Cochran, Esq. after the original Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence; and for every appropriate companion to the much-admired Portrait of Mr. Abernethy, published in the same popular Work.

Fisher, Son, and Co. Newgate Street.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.—A Portrait and Memoir of this esteemed Authoress will be given in the forthcoming Number of the National Portrait Gallery ("a work that no library should be without"). The Portrait is engraved by W. Finden, Esq. from the original Painting by W. Pickersill, Esq. in the possession of Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Bart.

A few choice Proofs are taken off on India paper, for framing, price 3s. each.

Fisher, Son, and Co. Newgate Street.

Price 4s. 1 India Proof, 7s. 1 Part XIX. of LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS to the WAVERLEY NOVELS: containing Views of Liverpool in 1664, S. Austin; Woodstock, from Blenheim, W. Westall, R.A.; Danby, Chesham; Old St. Cuthbert's Church, D. Roberts. Charles Tilt, 65, Fleet Street.

In the middle of December the Last Part will be ready, and also a Supplement, containing Descriptions of the Eighty Plates.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

3d edition, enlarged, 8vo. price 10s. 6d. cloth.
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